THE RED ARMY CELEBRATES

by **COLONEL T.**

EBRUARY 29
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FINLAND: FACT AND FANCY

by **ALTER BRODY**

GOP IN SEARCH OF A MAN

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WHAT ABOUT THE WAR CRIMINALS?

by **BOHUSLAV ETCHER**

VOYAGE ON THE HIGH SEAS

A report by **CHARLES SRIBER**

Also in this issue: *Philip Evergood, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Herbert Aptheker, Eliot White, Sasha Small, Paul Rosas, Joseph Foster.*

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NEW MASSES 104 EAST 9 ST NYK=

DEAR JOE STOPPED OFF TO SEE A GUY AND HEADING FOR WASHINGTON TONIGHT ON LAST LAP OF STORY. GOT ALL NECESSARY FACTS AND INTERVIEWS. I THINK EXPOSE WILL OPEN COUNTRIES EYES TO WHAT SOME PRETTY PROMINENT BABIES HAVE PREPARED FOR 1944 ELECTIONS AND DRIVE FOR NEGOTIATED PEACE WITH NAZIS. ONE NEW OUTFIT IN PARTICULAR WHICH ALREADY HAS 130,000

MEMBERS IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN CHRISTIAN FRONTERS SILVER SHIRTS AND BUNDISTS COMBINED. SERIES SHOULD BE IN SHAPE IN THREE WEEKS. SEE YOU IN NEW YORK BY NEXT SATURDAY. BEST=

JOHN L SPIVAK.

Memo to Herb: This is really great stuff. How about letting all our subscribers know about it.

Joe North

● The telegram speaks for itself. It suggests two things: first, tell your friends about this coming series of Jack Spivack's; second, get behind the drive of NM to hit its goal of $40,000 so that more such editorial projects are made possible. We know you will do the first; have you done the second? So far — $7,200 has come in; $32,800 more to go. That's a lot of dollars. And time is moving fast. Are you? The blank on this page is to help you move a bit faster.

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NEW MASSES

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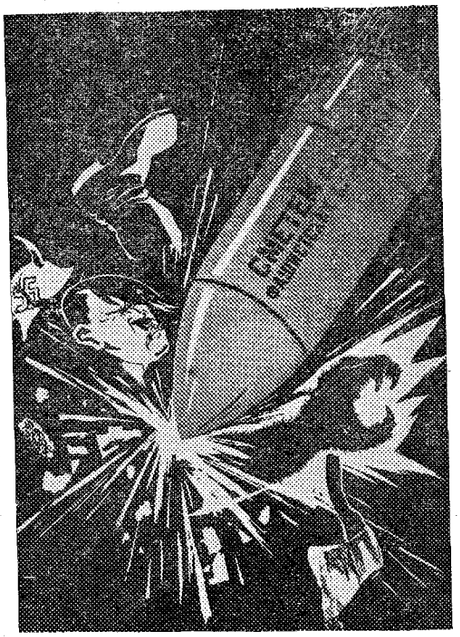

"Let us sweep the fascist barbarians from the face of the earth."—Soviet war poster.

FINLAND: FACT AND FANCY

Alter Brody documents Finland's violations of the 1940 Soviet-Finnish peace treaty in preparation for its alliance with Germany.

THERE is no doubt that Finland will have to sue for peace. According to the New York *Times*, "Secretary Hull's warning was more effective than bombs in spurring the Finns to defy the Germans and approach the Russians." If our State Department's influence in Helsinki is, as the *Times* puts it, capable of producing such prompt and decisive results, the heroic survivors of the siege of Leningrad might well wonder why the State Department did not exert itself so effectively several years earlier to help save the tens of thousands of Leningrad men, women, and children who starved and froze to death largely as a result of the Finnish stranglehold north of the city.

This is a fact of more than humanitarian interest. For whether it is the State Department or the Red Army which is persuading the Finnish government to ask for peace, it is indisputable that the survivors of Leningrad will have a lot to say as to what kind of peace Finland will get this time—the third time in twenty-four years that Finland will have had to ask for a peace treaty with the Soviet Union. Since Mr. Paasikivi, who negotiated the last peace treaty, is reported to be in Stockholm "to clinch a deal with the Russians on the basis of the 1940 boundaries," it would be fruitful to review the terms of the last peace treaty which Mr. Paasikivi obtained for Finland, and it would be even more fruitful to review how Messrs. Ryti, Linkomies, Tanner and Mannerheim, kept that treaty. For the survivors of Leningrad are apt to scan that record very carefully before they sign another document.

IN THE passionately pro-Finnish atmosphere of 1940 the Soviet-Finnish peace treaty of March 15 was dubbed a Finnish Munich by many Americans. But an unbiased perusal of its terms today would convince any objective student that far from being a Finnish Munich it was one of the most generous peace treaties ever granted by a victorious government to a decisively defeated and helpless foe. It is only necessary to compare it to the treaty, certainly far more generous than Munich, which the Allies granted defeated Germany at Versailles.

The territory and population which Germany lost at Versailles, and Finland, at Moscow, were roughly the same—ten percent for Germany and nine percent for Finland. However, whereas the ceded German territory contained the bulk of Germany's iron mines and much of its coal, the ceded Finnish territory (Western Karelia, the Salla region, and some rocky little islands and promontories in the Gulf of Finland and the Arctic) contained none of Finland's mineral resources and no important segments of Finnish industry. Whereas the territory that Germany ceded was unconquered by the Allies at the time of the Armistice, virtually all the territory that Finland ceded was already Soviet-occupied. In fact, the Soviet Union agreed to evacuate the Russian-held Petsamo province, Finland's prime industrial asset with one of the richest nickel deposits in the world. This was all the more remarkable since Petsamo (Russian Pechango) is an ancient Novgorod colony which was never part of Finland ethnographically, politically, or even "historically" until 1920, and was then ceded by the Soviet Union in order to pull Finland out of the interventionist camp. The Soviet-Finnish peace treaty of 1920 went out of its way to declare that the Soviet Union was "freely" surrendering this Russian province.

It is the military terms which furnish the greatest contrasts. By the terms of Versailles the German army was reduced to a police force one-ninth of its peacetime strength, forbidden the creation of a reserve by conscription and forbidden the possession or manufacture of planes, tanks,

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"German prisoners," by the Soviet artist N. Shukov.

and heavy artillery. The German navy had to be surrendered and battleship construction was outlawed. Western Germany, heart of her heavy industry section, was to be permanently demilitarized and for fifteen years to be occupied by Allied garrisons. A War Criminals Clause (never enforced) stipulated that all German officers and soldiers guilty of war atrocities were to be delivered over to the Allies for trial. If certain influential Allied circles, for reasons of their own, permitted Germany to rearm when the Nazis seized power, it was not because of the Versailles terms, which were stringent enough to keep German aggression impotent for fifteen years.

In contrast, the military provisions of the Soviet-Finnish peace treaty may be described briefly as none. The future size and equipment of the Finnish army, defensive and offensive, were left entirely to Finland's sovereign discretion. There were no provisions for the punishment of war criminals, the surrender of war material, or the demilitarization of any part of Finland, with the notable exception of the harbor of Petsamo, or the occupation of any part of Finland beyond the little peninsula of Hango. Strategically Hango was of no importance to either the Soviet Union or Finland except as it could close or open the mouth of their common waterway, the Gulf of Finland, to a third, then nameless, power.

THE economic and financial provisions of the Soviet-Finnish peace treaty were as generous as the military provisions. There were no indemnities, reparations, or industrial deliveries in kind such as Germany agreed to at Versailles. Instead of having to pay the cost of an army of occupation, as Germany had to do, Finland was to receive 8,000,000 marks from the Soviet Union as rental for the little Hango peninsula, leased for only thirty years. By the economic terms of Versailles the main German rivers and canals were internationalized. By the terms of the Soviet-Finnish peace treaty the Soviet Union obtained the right of duty-free transit on a projected railway to Sweden. But this right differed in no way from the well-known "Baltic clause"—the "right" which all the former Baltic states pressed on the Soviet Union in their 1920 peace treaties in an effort to recover their czarist prosperity as outlets of Russia.

In his official report on the peace treaty Finnish Foreign Minister Tanner admitted: "The Soviet Union does not intend to interfere in either our domestic or foreign policy. The right of this country to self-determination remains inviolate." In view of the fact that Mr. Tanner and the rest of the anti-Soviet forces that led Finland to war against the Soviet Union were left in power, in view of the sharpening character of the world conflict and the growing danger then of the very attack on the Soviet Union for which the Finnish war was a Soviet protective move—the terms of the Soviet-Finnish peace treaty of March 15, 1940, could, in retrospect, be called generous to the point of rashness.

WHEN peace was signed a major problem faced Finland in the three hundred thousand Karelians who had been evacuated by the retreating Finnish army from Western Karelia. Their resettlement was a huge task taxing all the economic resources of a little state like Finland, and one could hardly blame Finland for taking advantage of the unexpended fund of pro-Finnish sympathy in America to launch a campaign for Finnish relief to raise money for this resettlement program. It became apparent however, the very day that peace was signed, that reconstruction was by no means the major concern of the Finnish government.

On March 15, 1940, while peace was being signed in Moscow, the New York *Times* carried the following dispatch from Stockholm. "Finland still has a natural defense line in the Mymi River between Viborg and Helsinki and in the cluster of lakes behind her southeastern frontier. Here a new Mannerheim line might be built." By March 21 the *Times* was able to report that the Finns were already working on this "new Mannerheim line." On April 5, the same issue of the *Times* that carried an account of the Finnish relief campaign carried another story headlined FINLAND BUYS GUNS AND MUNITIONS FROM USA WAR DEP'T. Possibly all these items could still be classified as defense measures by sympathetic observers. But a much more significant event was to occur on April 14.

According to the terms of the peace treaty the Red Army was to evacuate Petsamo by April 10, and according to its terms the port of Petsamo and surrounding waters were to be demilitarized by forbidding to Finland the maintenance of submarines, planes, or armed ships (above 400 tonnage) in the area, or the construction of naval or military bases—the object being to prevent the use of the port as a military, naval, or air base for an attack on Murmansk. On April 10, the Red army evacuated Petsamo according to schedule. On April 11, the day after the scheduled Soviet evacuation of Petsamo, the world was electrified to hear that the Nazis had invaded Norway and Denmark. On April 14 the *Times* carried a Helsinki dispatch headed, FINLAND MINES PETSAMO AREA WATERS.

In view of the important place which Finland was to assume in Nazi Germany's northern strategy, it would be interesting to speculate as to whether the timing of the Nazi attack on Scandinavia had anything to do with the date of the scheduled Soviet evacuation of Petsamo. But that would take us beyond the matter in hand. It is more pertinent to try to understand *against whom* and *for whom* Finland mined the waters of Petsamo on April 14 in flagrant violation of its recently signed peace treaty. Obviously the move could not have been motivated by the fear of a German attack, for if the Nazis intended to attack Finland as they did Norway, they did not need that isolated Arctic port when the whole of Finland's much more vital Baltic coastline outside of the Soviet-protected Gulf of Finland was completely at their mercy. Nor could Finland have been motivated by the fear of a Russian attack from Murmansk,

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for the Red Army had just turned over the port of Finland only three days previously—taking care to rebuild completely and repair the public works system of the city which had been wrecked in the war. There are only two possible interpretations left: that Finland mined Petsamo against the possibility of seizure by the British Fleet then contemplating a landing at nearby Narvik; or that Finland mined Petsamo on April 13 not *against* but *for* German schemes of aggression in the Arctic—not against the danger of a Russian attack, but as preparation for an attack on Russia. There are good reasons for believing that the Finnish government even then (and possibly long before) was being entrusted by Nazi diplomacy with the secret of Germany's ultimate objective—the attack on the Soviet Union.

On July 21 the Finnish government took a step that should have shed considerable light on its motives in mining the port of Petsamo. During the Soviet-Finnish war the officially fascist Fatherland Party had been declared illegal, possibly to remove any doubts as to the democratic character of the Finnish regime which the preeminence of General Mannerheim aroused in the sympathetic democracies. On July 21, 1940, the *Times* reported, FINNISH GOVERNMENT WITHDRAWS OBJECTION TO FASCIST FATHERLAND PARTY.

On September 26, Finland took another step that clarified its motives in mining the waters of Petsamo. That day an official dispatch from Helsinki stated: "Transit of German troops on leave and of German supplies is taking place between northern Norway and northern Finland." The dispatch went on to explain that the "arrangement was modeled after that between Sweden and Germany which became effective in July." That the actions of the Swedish and Finnish governments were not analogous was apparent to the most naive political observer. In May (not in July, as the Finnish dispatch stated) at the height of the Narvik campaign under pressure of a Nazi ultimatum, the Swedish government reluctantly consented to permit the movement of German troops and supplies to and from northern Norway. In case of a refusal it was universally admitted that Sweden faced the risk of Nazi occupation. Finland's case was radically different from Sweden's. First of all, Germany had no plausible need of Finnish routes to northern Norway, having wrung the right to the far more convenient Swedish routes. Secondly, the whole strategic situation had changed by September 1940, as a result of the collapse of France, and far from threatening to invade Norway, Britain needed all its military resources at home to resist a threatened Nazi invasion. But the most pertinent fact of all was that the Finnish government never even pretended that there had been a German ultimatum. There were ample grounds for suspecting that it had taken the initiative in the negotiations that led to the "passage" of German troops.

A later dispatch from Helsinki stated: "German troops landed at Vasa, Finnish port on the Gulf of Bothnia. The number of German troops was not known but whatever the number, it was reported they would be followed by others." Since then there were repeated reports from Scandinavia which indicated that the Reichswehr had made quite a habit of "passing" through Finland. It seemed also that the Nazis made a habit of stopping on the way in such strategic places as Vasa, Rovaniemi, Ivalo, Torneo and other places of recent fame, where they were stationed in permanent barracks. These reports were lent more than a semblance of truth by a Finnish dispatch dated September 29: "After the first seven shiploads of uniformed German soldiers debarked at Vasa to proceed north into Norway in virtue of the Finnish German transit agreement, the Finnish government issued a decree proclaiming Abo, Vasa, Kemi, Uleaborg, and Torneo as prohibited areas, access to which henceforth will be possible only with special police permits." The dispatch added disingenuously, "Abo is forty miles from Hango, now an important Russian naval base."

On October 16, the Finnish government took another step which, like the mining of Petsamo, seems to point to the fact that Finland was in the confidence of the Nazi General staff. On Oct. 26, 1940, the *Times* reported: PREMIER RYTI SIGNS BILL POSTPONING PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION TO 1942. Is it possible that the Finnish government had secret information to the effect that the year 1941 would be a year of crisis for Finland—a crisis which would be happily over by 1942—so that Finland could hold her election in "peace"? A few days later the *Times* declared: RYTI SAYS FINLAND MAY ACCEPT AXIS ECONOMIC PLANS WITHOUT LOSING INDEPENDENCE.

By November, 1940, the United States had moved into a semi-official state of belligerency toward Nazi Germany and its allies. Faced with the cumulative, irrefutable information appearing in the American press that German troops were pouring into Finland, Hjalmar Procope, Finnish Minister to Washington (a diplomatic cousin of Saburo "Pearl Harbor" Kurusu) "denied," according to the *Times* of November 11, "the presence of foreign troops in Finland." The extreme delicacy of Soviet-German as well as Soviet-British and Soviet-American relations, prevented the Soviet government from taking official cognizance of these obvious German *and Finnish* moves. By April 30, 1941, after the Nazi occupation of Yugoslavia, Soviet-German relations had sufficiently worsened and Soviet-British and Soviet-American relations had sufficiently improved for the Soviet government to take notice of the German occupation of Finland. Said a *Pravda* dispatch (April 30): "On April 26 there came to the Finnish port of Abo four German transports from which about 12,000 German troops or one division landed with arms, tanks, and artillery." Said the New York *Times* (May 1): "The Finnish government emphatically denies that 12,000 German troops have landed in Finland, according to a statement by Hjalmar Procope."

As we approach closer and closer to June 22, 1941, the evidence that the Finnish government was in on the secret of the Nazi M day to attack the Soviet Union becomes plainer and plainer. Thus the *Times* reports on May 2: "Finland agreed

"Extermination of the Jews," by Leopoldo Mendez.

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to resume its war debt payment to the United States, interrupted by Soviet war aggression . . . the payments will be in two installments . . . the first will be due on June 15, 1941." Was it because poor but honest little Finland had suddenly come into a fortune that it decided to resume payments on a debt which it claimed it was unable to meet for the past fifteen months? Or was it because poor but honest little Finland had found out during the previous Soviet-Finnish conflict that "honesty" could be a good war policy, and June 15, the day the first installment was to be paid, was just seven days before June 22, 1941?

At the same time Mr. Procope did not stop tinkling his tin cup. The representative of a state that had mysteriously become affluent enough to resume payment on its American debt and was in fact planning to join the costliest venture in history, whined at a Finnish relief banquet, "The Finnish nation faces starvation, exposure, and epidemics if help cannot be gotten from abroad."

THE parallel between Finland's diplomacy in the weeks before June 22, 1941, and the diplomacy of its political cousin, Japan, in the weeks before Pearl Harbor, converges into perfect perspective on the historical horizon.

On June 15 a *Times* headline read: FINNISH RESERVISTS CALLED. On June 17 the *Times* reported: "Finland has cancelled her membership in the League of Nations, according to announcement of Finnish Foreign Minister Witting." On June 18, the *Times* reported: "According to informed London quarters Britain has stopped granting navicerts for ships going to the Finnish Arctic port of Petsamo because several German divisions are stationed there." Whereupon, on June 19, Hjalmar Procope declared solemnly to the American people and the American government, "The action of Great Britain in withholding navicerts for the port of Petsamo is unjustified. Finland is neutral and desires at this time to remain at peace. I am sure it is not the intention of the democracies to starve Finland and cause it still greater suffering. . . . Like your country, Finland is still free and democratic with no foreign garrisons within her border."

On June 20 the *Times* reported: FINLAND RECOGNIZES MANCHUKUO.

Der Tag came for Germany and Finland on June 22, 1941. In his ex post facto declaration of war Hitler announced proudly, "Together with the Finns we stand from Narvik to the Carpathians." But Finland, it seems, was still waiting coyly off stage to make an appropriate entrance. Perhaps poor but honest, brave but cautious little Finland was waiting to see how crushing the first German blow would prove. At any rate, on June 24 Finland declared that it was "still neutral but would fight only if attacked."

Stanley DeGraff

On June 25, the *Times* reported: "Sweden has granted the right of passage to a force of German troops not exceeding one division. The transit was granted after a *joint demand by Germany and Finland*" (my emphasis—A.B.). But according to Ryti, Finland was still "neutral." In the meantime the Luftwaffe launched an attack on Leningrad from its well prepared bases in Finland. On June 26, the Red Air Force counter-attacked against the German air bases in Finland, whereupon the Finnish government announced that same day: "Finland has been the object of repeated attacks by the armed forces of the Soviet Union. For this reason the government has decided to adopt defensive measures in which all available armed forces will participate." Commented a New York *Times* Stockholm dispatch (June 26), "Objective observers here do not follow President Ryti when he rejects all responsibility for attacks on Russia from Finnish bases. After all, the presence of German troops on Finnish soil is now an officially admitted fact and the Russians can claim that their counterattacks are no different from the British bombing of German bases in France." But the Finnish government still insisted officially (New York *Times*, June 26), "This country is fulfilling every treaty obligation to the Russians and in an effort to better relations was even granting special concessions to the Soviet Union."

On June 27, the charming little Finnish ingenue who had made such a great success in her former appearance on the American stage, finally made her second debut, arm-in-arm with her new leading man, having satisfied herself as to his talent in the five days between June 22 and June 27. Gushed what was at the same time the Finnish official declaration of war on the Soviet Union and the Finnish official declaration of love for Adolph: "We are not alone. Great Germany under her *Reichsfuehrer* of genius, Adolph Hitler, has decided to wage war on the Soviet Union."

The declaration went on with the frank confession that the Finnish objective was not to regain soil that in either the recent or remotest past was Finnish—but the same cynical *lebensraum* ideal of her Nazi partner. "Centuries have shown that on the site which fate has placed this nation, permanent peace cannot be achieved. . . ." And the government which now insists that it is fighting a separate defensive war against the Soviet Union, announced in its official declaration of war: "Russia is facing a united front from the White Sea to the Black Sea." The declaration ended characteristically, for a government which is now looking confidently to American mediation, "Our confidence in our army and its field marshall, Baron von Mannerheim, is absolute."

This is the record of how Finland kept its last peace treaty. This is the record of a policy of unblushing deception which several months later was to earn the Finnish representative a place of honor when on Oct. 26, 1941, he affixed Finland's signature to the Anti-Comintern Pact (officially interpreted in Washington as being directed at the USA as much as at the USSR) under the beaming eyes of its founding fathers, the representatives of Japan, and the representative of Germany. This is the record of a government which angles for support in this country and at the same time applauded a film record of the Pearl Harbor attack at a Japanese diplomatic reception. This is the record of a man, Hjalmar Procope, who practiced this kind of diplomacy in America—who brazenly deceived this country day after day for fifteen months on a matter of vital concern to its safety—yet who remains to this day the accredited representative of a government still represented at Washington.

During the first Soviet-Finnish war the world was inclined to be cynical of the Soviet contention that it was fighting for the safety of Leningrad. The Red Army paid 48,000 lives for a treaty that pushed the Finnish frontier from a mere twenty miles from Leningrad to a mere seventy miles from Leningrad and left the same hostile government across that border. The catastrophe which the Soviet-Finnish war was meant to avert was not averted. For the first time in history (Paris was besieged for two months in 1871, Leningrad for two years) a modern metropolis with a population many times the population of ancient Babylon, Nineveh, Troy, or Jerusalem, underwent the horrors of siege such as one reads about in Jeremiah and Homer. Today our War Department, unlike our State Department in 1939-40, has no doubts as to whether the Red Army was justified in its 1939-40 Finnish campaign. Any American soldier who as part of his training has seen the GI masterpiece, *The Battle of Russia*, containing the filmed record of the siege of Leningrad, will be inclined to reconsider any cynicism he may have had as to the Soviet motives on Nov. 30, 1939. There is one peace term that the Russian people are certain to demand from Finland. It is that Leningrad must not face another such siege fifteen months after this Soviet-Finnish peace treaty.

ALTER BRODY.

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PROGRESS OF LINCOLN

Herbert Aptheker shows how he moved with the country in what Douglass called "the educating tendency of the conflict." Pressures he combatted in making the Civil War an anti-slavery struggle.

This is the second of two articles on Abraham Lincoln and Frederick Douglass, both of whose birthdays occur this month. The first article, which appeared last week, dealt largely with Douglass. Mr. Aptheker is the author of the recently published book, "American Negro Slave Revolts," issued by Columbia University Press.

IT HAS become fashionable in most historical circles to picture Abraham Lincoln as an individual of conservative political views goaded into unwilling action by radicals who were supposed to have been, in the words of Professor Carman, for example, "a constant thorn in his flesh." Douglass' opinion in this matter is much closer to the truth when he writes that "viewed from the genuine abolition ground, Mr. Lincoln seemed tardy, cold, dull, and indifferent; but measuring him by the sentiment of his country, a sentiment he was bound as a statesman to consult, he was swift, zealous, radical, and determined."

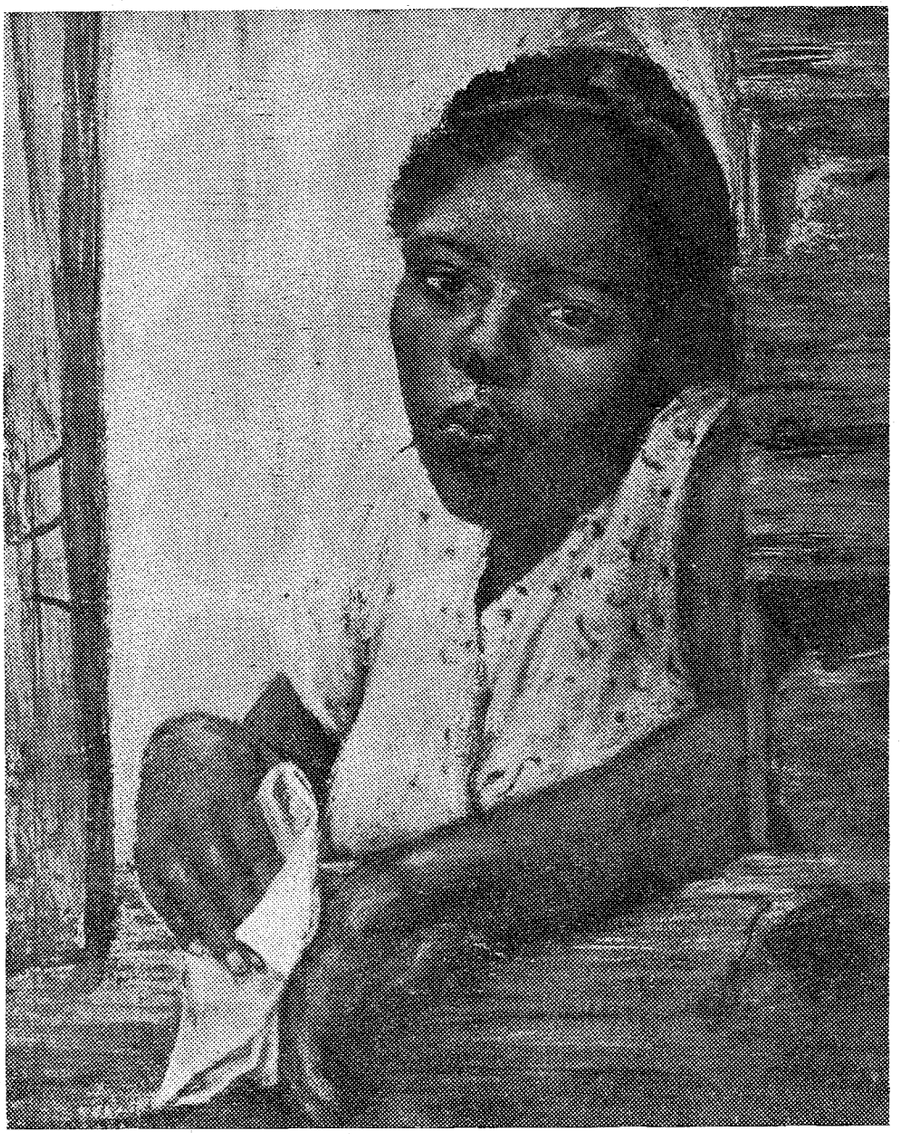
Lincoln's ideas on the Negro and on slavery, while not the most advanced of his day, were markedly left of center. Indeed, it may be remarked that many Americans have yet to reach, on these questions, the position attained by Lincoln eighty years ago. Lincoln wrote to a Kentucky friend in 1864: "I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel."

In estimating these feelings and Lincoln's actions one must bear in mind that at the time of their existence, the institution of slavery was the greatest single vested interest in the country. And, as becomes such an interest, it had behind it the support of the dominant elements in philosophy, theology, education, politics, and business. Nevertheless, as a young Congressman, Lincoln had repeatedly decried the existence of slavery and the slave-trade in the nation's capital. His decision that the Mexican War was unjust was based largely on his conviction that a basic cause of that war was the desire to expand the territorial limits of slavery.

Lincoln made his feelings on this problem crystal-clear in the campaign he conducted in the senatorial race against Stephen A. Douglas. At Alton, Ill., Lincoln said: "The real issue in the controversy—the one pressing upon every mind—is the sentiment on the part of one class that looks upon the institution of slavery *as a wrong*, and another class that *does not* look upon it as a wrong. . . . He [Douglas] contends that whatever community wants slaves has a right to have them. So they have, if it is not wrong. But if it is wrong, he cannot say they have a right. . . . It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings."

Lincoln insisted that "as far as may be" slavery should "*be treated* as a wrong." To him, "as far as may be" went to the extent of forbidding slavery's expansion, and desiring "a policy that looks to a peaceful end of slavery at some time, as being wrong." Compromise on the idea of preventing slavery's expansion was to Lincoln unthinkable. When, after his election to the presidency, it was suggested to him that such a course might prevent or postpone secession and war, Lincoln's reply was an unconditional "No."

THE party that elected Lincoln was an exceedingly heterogeneous one, made up of Free-Soil Democrats, anti-slavery Whigs, Abolitionists, conservative Unionists, protective-tariff fanciers, and border state anti-slavery men. In the light of this fact, and the sizable minority in the North



"Lily of the Tennessee Valley," oil by Minna Citron.

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"Donnerwetter, fuehrer, I can't get it off."

who opposed his election, and the active treason present in every department of government (which had resulted in stripping northern mints of cash, northern armories of arms, the resignation of one-third the Regular Army officers, and the dispatching of the Navy to the four corners of the earth), the effort to suppress a counter-revolution of the magnitude engineered by the slave-drivers is seen in its colossal proportions.

LINCOLN's unswerving faith in its outcome derived from two sources: his belief in the basic patriotism and integrity of the people of the Union, and his conviction —historically accurate—that, as he told Congress July 4, 1861, "It may well be questioned whether there is today a majority of the legally qualified voters of any state except perhaps South Carolina in favor of disunion. There is much reason to believe that the Union men are the majority in many, if not in every other one, of the so-called seceded states."

Lincoln envisioned the Civil War as "essentially a people's contest." He described it thus:

"On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men—to lift artificial weights from all shoulders; to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all; to afford all an unfettered start, and a fair chance in the race of life." And since the war's political nature was of this progressive character, its conduct resulted, as already shown, in great and tangible democratic advances.

The man ultimately responsible for these advances was Abraham Lincoln. Certainly he was subjected to tremendous pressure to bring them about, but he was also subjected to tremendous pressure to obstruct them. His was the act of execution, and study of his career and philosophy will lead one to the conclusion that the common picture painted by some historians of a reluctant President acquiescing in progressive measures is false. It should be replaced by one showing a realistic President, anxious for the enactment of such measures, eagerly waiting for what he considered the most effective moment to accomplish them.

This is notably true of the Emancipation Proclamation, which is occasionally dismissed as unimportant in ascertaining the motives and policy of the President or of the battle he was leading because it resulted from military necessity. This fact is, on the contrary, the clearest indication of the war's character and of the President's social philosophy. A nation's wars epitomize its politics, and the necessities of such wars are precisely those which result from their origins, causes, and motives.

TO INDICATE something of the pressure Lincoln was defying in his drive toward making the Civil War an openly anti-slavery struggle, one may observe that the Illinois State Legislature greeted the Emancipation Proclamation by a resolution on Jan. 7, 1863, in which the assembly "denounced" it and prophesied that "the civilized world will denounce [it] as an uneffaceable disgrace to the American people."

Similarly, Lincoln's stand on Reconstruction, while not as thoroughgoing, at the moment, as that of Wendell Phillips and Thaddeus Stevens, was certainly not to be compared with the measures of restoration that finally were consummated under Hayes.

Let it be remembered that the martyr's last public address, delivered April 11, 1865, contained a plea for conferring the right to vote in the South "on the very intelligent [Negroes], and on those who serve our cause as soldiers," and that it commended the original Louisiana Reconstruction government because it had "adopted a Free State constitution, giving the benefit of public schools equally to black and white, and empowering the legislature to confer the elective franchise upon the colored man." When one compares this last speech of Lincoln with his first inaugural address only four years earlier, he becomes aware of the acute wisdom of Frederick Douglass' remark about "the educating tendency of the conflict."

This is speed in progress that even our world, which has moved from Munich to Teheran in less than a decade, may admire. And the stories of Frederick Douglass and Abraham Lincoln, whose statures grew as the peril rose, whose belief in the people became more firm as their trials mounted, are sources of strength for us now as we prepare to storm the gates of hell and consign to its proprietor for permanent incarceration those who would deny to the masses their heritage of decency, security, and creative living.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

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REPORT OF A VOYAGE

One second she was there, a placid Liberty Ship. "Then suddenly that tremendous burst of red flame. . . ." Shipping out with Charles Sriber.

SHE was another Liberty ship and like all of them, looked clumsy, untidy and generally awkward. But once that white shipping slip is in the hands of the mate or the chief, she becomes "your ship," so the working gear is broken out and preparations are made to turn her into something worth sailing on. This one had been in the shipyard, and all the crew were new. Our first task was to make her into a good union ship. So the messroom was cleared of the shipwright's gear and a meeting was called. We resolved to work together closely with the newcomers from Sheepshead Bay in the spirit of the National Maritime Union—the NMU. Delegates were elected. We were used to phoney stewards, and to safeguard ourselves we elected a food committee to check up on the chow. Of course no ship goes out these days without a safety committee. Four men were nominated to see that life boats, rafts, and life-saving equipment were all ready against any eventuality.

We came aboard on the morning of the Harlem trouble. We read how the Mayor had called on our brother, Ferdinand Smith, to help him in preventing the deliberate development of the trouble into a so-called "race riot." There was plenty of discussion. Everybody had some tale of a Negro shipmate who had stood by the guns under fire, or else had gone to the bottom, swelling the monthly casualty lists. A letter was drawn up commending the Mayor and every man signed it. Among other things the letter said: "We know that Jim Crow and discrimination are at the bottom of this—deliberately used by reactionaries to stir up trouble."

It was decided that the libraries put aboard by the American Merchant Marine Library Association and other well meaning organizations were generally sweepings from the attic and an insult to intelligent people. So each of us threw in a buck to buy an NMU library. Thirty dollars were collected and a set of topical best sellers and books with a social point of view were brought aboard. A librarian was nominated to see that the books were circulated, that everyone had a chance to read them. We figured it was possible to connect our education committee's program with such currently significant books as *Under Cover* and *Falange*. In later months, we were often to bless the guy who proposed this. After all this there were the usual delays, and at long last she sailed.

Destinations are secret now and it was quite a while before we found that our ship was bound for the Mediterranean. The weather was not so hot, but what delighted us was the strength of the escort. Brand new destroyers and DE's with a converted aircraft carrier. It gave us a lot of confidence to see them circling around. Many of us remembered the early days of the war. Ships going out with no guns or a couple of fifty calibers. A few overworked escorts. And the result: torpedoes crashing into helpless ships; more and more familiar faces missing from the Hall. But now it seemed that things were under control and we steamed past the Rock; a huge convoy which had crossed over without loss of a single ship.

Through the still waters of the Mediterranean we dawdled along with ships dropping off at their various destinations. It was not until we were nearly at Bizerte that we heard our objective was a port in Sicily.

By now most of the convoy had left for the North African ports. It was Sunday and the remainder was steaming calmly along. There had been a heavy downpour and nearly all hands were below, or in the eternal pinochle game in the messroom.

A few of us were sitting in one room talking about back home, when suddenly there was a terrific shudder. The ship heeled and an ear splitting roar shocked us into action. The first thought was "torpedo," and there was a rush to the doors. The most awesome sight met us. Everything was red; a wave of flame seemed to spread over the whole afterdeck and then to recede. For a time it was horribly quiet. Then hell broke. Like some super-rain on a tin roof, steel fragments smacked the plates and deck cargo. Huge pieces, feet square, fell in this crazy downpour. It would have been fatal to have gone out. Still no one could realize what had happened. We rushed through the alleyways up on to the boat deck. The ship was still heeling over and behaving like a crazy thing. But the deluge had subsided, and when we tentatively came out . . . there it was. A huge pillar of dense smoke rolling thick. It seemed to have no source, only a quiet bubbling of the water around it. Bright greens, orange, and blue volumes overlapped and transversed each other in a lazy climp up, as far up as anyone could see.

Everybody stood looking at this terrible yet fascinating sight. Then came the realization. An ammunition ship had gone up. The alarm bell sounded "fire stations." Hoses were stretched and streams of water played on the deck-cargo. All around the deck lay sizzling remnants of what once had been a ship, a cargo, and a crew. "Rocky," a fireman, passed and said: "That bastard Pegler should see this." This thought must have been on many minds. Brother seamen had gone down. We hated the enemy who had done it, but I think many of us thought first of the enemies at home. Especially of those who attack seamen because we represent a fighting section of the labor movement.

Now we were hurrying away from the pall of smoke that descended on us, so thick that soon it became like night. The escorts were dropping depth charges as the remaining ships changed course. A checkup showed that apart from the damage to superstructure and a few doors blown in, our ship was unharmed. But on the stern four-foot gun platform lay an unconscious Navy gun crew member. On the foredeck a man with a broken leg sat quietly. Stretchers were brought and the two were carried to the saloon.

Lozeno in the Mexican magazine, "Futuro."

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Model for a heroic monument to the merchant marine, by Nat Werner.

THERE was to have been an educational meeting that night. Bill Walker remarked, "This will be a lot more educating than any meeting."

Everybody worked. Screen doors, blown in by the blast, were repaired. The mate and the bosun checked damage. Alleyways were cleared of the debris. Then came the impressions in the messroom. Men who had seen the ship disintegrate. One second she was there. A placid Liberty Ship. Then suddenly, that tremendous burst of red flame and complete elimination. Some said that bodies could be seen among the flying fragments.

A group gathered around a piece of steel. It looked as though it had been part of the deck. Still shining dully, twisted and torn, its edges keen and ragged. An AB bent over and picked off a tiny bit of blue cloth that had adhered to it. It was passed around. A piece of blue denim.

"Dungarees; yes, that's from some poor bastard's dungarees."

We wondered what they had been doing when it came, and felt we owed them something.

Duncan spoke. "By Jeeze, we ought to take this and lay it on Pegler's desk. Ask him, 'What are you doing? These men gave their lives.'" That released a flood. Could we turn what we felt into action? Plans were laid. We spoke of delegations. Taylor and Duncan said they would engrave this forceful souvenir and we would see that folks heard how seamen are fighting this war.

The injured men had been taken to hospital and what damage there was patched up.

IN SICILY, we met the army. The quiet, serious-eyed men who had defeated Nazis. As we heard the stories of how Hitler's crack regiments were sent scurrying out of the island by our boys, we were proud to be in this with them. They knew what the Nazis were and how to kill them, too. But they were anxious for home news, and worried by reports of John L. Lewis' strikes. We gave them the score, and they listened. We said the average American trade unionist was all out for war production. They could understand that. They had seen the tanks and the guns and war supplies rolling in on time. Then we told them about other people who were playing Hitler's game of hitting at labor and how Lewis played ball with them. Yes, when it became a little more clear, they said they believed that their own people would not let them down. They had brothers and sisters back home. But the papers they got had blown up the stories of strikes. Blamed all the trade unions. They were glad to have their confidence justified in the folks back home.

And did they want to get in and finish it! One night in the messroom they told us, all of them shouting at the same time. "Let's get right into Europe." "Invade France." "Right into Germany." "Kick the hell out of the Nazis like the Russians are doing." One veteran of the Tunisia and Sicily campaigns, a staff sergeant, told us how men wept when they were not included in the invasion of Italy. Yes, they have met the enemy and learned to hate him and all he stands for. His filth, the cowardly way he fights, his contempt for what our kind of people recognize as human decency.

The Sicilians echo the story. "When the Nazis were here they took everything. They insulted us, sent our sons off to fight, made whores of our daughters." Now America has brought them the right to organize and speak with freedom. The great liberal traditions of Sicily can be built again.

All the trip home we thought of what we had seen. Meetings were held, new members educated, the war discussed. Duncan worked on the Pegler souvenir and, slowly, the trip wound itself up.

NOW we are back in New York. A crew no longer, but individual union members who will ship out and form new crews on new ships.

We learn more and more from each voyage. The people of Australia menaced by the Japanese onrush through the East Indies, welcomed us. And in Russia they told us how Stalingrad turned the tide of the war so that all the world found new confidence. In Sicily, we met people liberated from fascism by American, Canadian, and British troops. We feel this war and the story of this trip is the story of hundreds of ships where men are learning what fascism means and how to defeat it.

CHARLES SRIBER.

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WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn warns against reactionary so-called "equal rights" amendment. "Good words misused" do not fool labor.

THE blanket Equal Rights Amendment now before Congress is unfortunately confusing, deceptive, and downright dangerous. It is like an innocent looking bouquet concealing a bomb, as Vice President Wallace learned when he was recently persuaded to endorse it. If presented in its true colors, as a bill *to repeal labor and other protective legislation for women workers and mothers*, progressives would immediately stand uncompromisingly against it. No statesman, legislator, or labor leader would then be misled. It would take an extremely hard-boiled tory Republican or brazen poll-tax Democrat to defend publicly such a proposal. It would not require lengthy explanation from those of us who oppose it to make our position clear. We would be certain of widespread support. *How many Americans want to scrap all our hard-won legislation for women, such as widows' pensions, maternity aid, minimum wage, regulation of hours, rest periods, provisions for safety and suitable working conditions?* These would be declared unconstitutional if this amendment is made law. This is why the National Women's Party and the Republican Party, co-sponsors of the amendment for the past twenty-one years, seek popular support by concealing their true purpose behind a generally acceptable formulation —"equal rights." They do not deceive reactionaries, who know the score and are all for it. They do deceive progressives, who at a superficial glance see nothing wrong with the proposal and who are embarrassed to oppose equal rights. This creates a serious situation which may help to pass the bill in this Congress.

Who are the advocates of this amendment? The Women's Party is coy and reticent about its actual membership and financial supporters. It has few members but many heavy donors. The amendment was first introduced in 1923, by Senator Charles E. Curtis, Republican of Kansas, later Vice-President under Hoover, and endorsed then by the Republican National Committee at the request of T. Coleman du Pont. It was incorporated in the Republican platform of 1940. It's a tory Republican baby. Make no mistake about its parentage. A coalition of the same forces who passed the Smith-Connally bill is pushing this today. Congressman Pat Cannon (Democrat) of Florida is circulating a petition to force it out of committee. He is acting as a stooge for the Republicans, whether knowingly or unwittingly. Mrs. Emma Guffey Miller, Democratic National Committeewoman from Pennsylvania, is a supporter. She contends that protective legislation is in abeyance now in many states to help win the war and should therefore be nullified permanently. Her brother, Senator Guffey, recently accused several Southern Democratic senators of making "an unholy alliance" with the Republicans to defeat the soldiers' vote. His sister is similarly in an unholy alliance with those same Republicans on this issue. The Guffeys are not politically consistent.

There are out-and-out reactionaries, greedy profit-hungry employers, who see an opportunity, under the guise of wartime necessity, to get rid of all restrictions on their exploitation of women's labor. Such is Vivien Kellems of Connecticut, an open shopper who runs her war plant on a sweatshop basis. She recently achieved national notoriety by declaring a tax strike against Uncle Sam in the midst of the Fourth War Loan. She said on January 28 at Springfield: "In 1944 we will either vote American or Communist" and "if the Roosevelt administration is continued in office there will be Communism and the destruction of private business after the war." She is a leading advocate of this amendment.

The Woman's Party is headed by a handful of fanatical feminists, such as Alice Paul and Doris Stevens, who make lobbying for this bill their main purpose in life. I have never heard of any progressive legislative activity by them. They do not fight the poll tax, which disenfranchises approximately five million Southern women white and Negro citizens. They do not fight for the soldiers' vote on behalf of the women in the armed service. They are unconcerned about the financial needs of soldiers' wives and children. They do not support the amendment outlawing child labor. They have lobbied with employers against labor legislation for women, notably in New York and New Jersey. They scorn such laws as "discriminatory." Women should be "free" to work longer, harder, and for less wages under worse conditions. They are avowedly against labor laws for women as "coddling laws." They have rejected all suggestions to amend the bill by a proviso that nothing in it shall be so construed as to invalidate or prevent passage of legislation to improve the working conditions of women or to protect mothers. If such an amendment were added it would pull the anti-labor teeth of the bill and render it unobjectionable to progressives. There are many legal inequalities of women which we can all agree should be removed, but not by a blanket amendment which will sweep away simultaneously all the gains made by women workers through years of struggle. The stubborn resistance of the Woman's Party to the opposition of the AFL, the National Women's Trade Union League, the League of Women Voters, the CIO and its auxiliaries, the National Board of the YWCA, the National Consumers' League, the national councils of both Jewish and Catholic women, the American Association of University Women—indicates that they are determined in their anti-labor stand. This explains their natural affinity with the worst elements of the National Manufacturers Association and the GOP.

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The National Woman's Party is no Christopher Columbus discovering legal restrictions against women. The struggle began officially nearly 100 years ago, when at Seneca Falls, N. Y., a woman's declaration of independence challenged the English common-law under which women were subject first to their male relatives, then to their husbands. The bulk of legal discriminations against women arose out of the feudal theory that a woman had no separate identity in marriage, that husband and wife are one and he's the one. The modern, now generally accepted concept that marriage is a partnership of equals has brought about many changes in law and custom in the last twenty-five years. The great milestone of progress in the struggle was the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment in 1920 giving women citizens the right to vote. The mopping up process to clear away hangover laws which restrict the equality of women in property rights, domestic relations, and political responsibilities, began immediately. A study was made in 1922 by Mrs. Catherine McCollough, chairman of the League of Women Voters, and subsequently in cooperation with the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor a series of pamphlets was issued. (Bulletin 157, *The Legal Status of Women in the United States of America*, is the latest; price fifteen cents. Address Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. Individual state abstracts are five cents a copy.) But because Mary Anderson, Frances Perkins, Mrs. McCollough, Mrs. Call, Rose Schneiderman, Mary Van Kleeck, Florence Kelley, Mrs. Glenower Evans, Mrs. Roosevelt, and others, valiant fighters for women's rights, would not agree to fight labor laws as legal disabilities on women, the Woman's Party separated from all other groups and concentrated on this one issue. It lost the support of many splendid women who fought for suffrage under its banner prior to 1920. The Woman's Party professionals have gathered unto themselves wealthy social registerites, business and professional women, lady industrialists, who are all definitely anti-labor. Over the years they have been an aggravation and nuisance to all progressive women, who recognize the need of special legislation for women. Now, in 1944, they are a positive menace because of the re-awakened Republican interest in their long-neglected offspring.

THE GOP is reviving this phony amendment and will try to shove it through Congress *as a bid for the women's votes in 1944*. The National Woman's Party issued an ecstatic statement at New Year's hailing the Republican Party as "the friend of women." These women point out to the Republicans that *the woman's vote will far out-number the male vote*. Especially is this true if the soldiers do not vote. They have confidence in *a Republican victory led by women*. This explains why GOP congressmen and anti-Roosevelt Democrats suddenly climb on the bandwagon of a bill that has kicked around committees for twenty-one years.

Let me say emphatically to women readers and trade unionists, men and women: don't hesitate to oppose this amendment just because it is called "equal rights." It is not our first experience with good words that are misused and made to mean the opposite, like "open" shop, "freedom" of contract; company "union"; or national "socialism." Our concern is to defeat the reactionary forces behind it and their anti-labor purposes.

If you want a model of legislation that covers the subject adequately, here it is:—(Article 122, Constitution of the USSR). "Women in the USSR are accorded equal rights with men in all spheres of economic, state, cultural, social, and political life. *The possibility of exercising these rights is ensured to women* by granting them an equal right with men to work, payment for work, rest and leisure, social insurance and education and by *state protection of the interests of mother and child:* pre-maternity and maternity leave with full pay, and the provision of a wide network of maternity homes, nurseries, and kindergartens." (Emphasis mine—E.G.F.) This is recognition of physical difference which does not denote inferiority. As our government pamphlet states it, "All differences are not discrimination." If women are not to be handicapped by such differences they need provisions making possible the full exercise of their rights, which is the basis of our social legislation. Maybe, as Elizabeth Hawes suggests, these strange women who are unconcerned that our country is at war, are also unaware of these differences.

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN.

Raphael Soyer

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WAR CASUALTY, UNLISTED

Blaine Owen died of tuberculosis in a California hospital, but his death began in Spain six years ago. A valiant fighter against fascism here and abroad.

You won't find the name Blaine Owen on any of the official casualty lists of this war. It belongs there—as surely as if he had laid down his life on a beachhead in Italy or under a battered palm in the South Pacific.

If he had been able to choose, that's where it would have happened. But he wasn't able to, because Blaine Owen's death began in Spain six years ago. Or perhaps in Harlan County, Ky., eight years earlier. Or in Jackson County, Ala., a few years later. He was shot and seriously wounded in Kentucky. He starved in Alabama. He got sick in Spain and died slowly, from 1939 until last December, when at the age of thirty-four he succumbed in a California hospital after the most severe of a series of operations to combat tuberculosis.

In these days when death strikes freely at so many of the young, the gifted, the so alive—a cruel death like Blaine Owen's is the more tragic. It gives a deeper meaning to the words of young Russian fighters who express so eloquently the great will to live that is the banner of all true soldiers in the battle for freedom. Young men on Tarawa, at Anzio, among the ruins of Stalingrad, in the mountains of Yugoslavia, wanted to live—and so they died exultantly fighting in defense of their right to live.

Blaine Owen would have died that way —and with that typical grin on his face would probably have agreed to all of this with a hearty—"Hell—yes."

From the hospital bed in which he spent most of the last three years of his life, his mind roamed the world, among the people to whom he ardently believed it belonged. He believed and read and thought and wrote. It was hard at times. Those operations were major sieges. To Owen, who impressed all visitors with his complete absence of self-pity, they were nuisances. In a letter written a few days before his death he closes: "Fact is, I'm having another operation day after tomorrow. It'll be the toughest one so far, so I expect to be among the non-productive population for a while yet."

The beginning of the letter is even more revealing. He was taking issue with a formulation in an article dealing with one of the most vital discussions of the day—the discussion of the tasks Teheran has assigned to American Communists. And he wrote:

"It is true we don't press for the inauguration of socialism now because such action might hinder the war effort. But we not only talk about it—we very proudly talk like hell about it—and our talk can and does aid the war effort by drawing lessons, inspiring, even giving us the means to understand the war and to improve our efforts within the capitalist frame-work.

"Sleep," by Helen West Heller

"Stalin, who among other things is the world's number one non-hinderer of the war effort, as well as a pretty good example of a Communist in action, did some very plain talking about socialism in his November 7 speech, for instance."

Spain was Owen's next-to-the-last-stop in a long and eventful journey through our times. A journey with a discerning eye, and a prolific typewriter. In the Coolidge dream-era rocketing towards 1929, when most of us were still in school, Blaine Owen was at the University of Ohio and publishing a little magazine called *Nativity*. It was short-lived. 1929 exploded into the real life of 1930 and the boy who was born in McKeesport, Pa., decided that little magazines had no place in a day when hunger was being answered by bullets and apples and prison terms.

Keen-minded and sound-spirited, he began looking for the answers. Like so many hundreds of others to whom it was the broad gateway into the progressive movement, he came to the International Labor Defense. In its behalf he went into the terror land of the South. We was after more than a story—he was after the truth. And in his quest during the famous miners strike in Harlan County, Ky., he got so close to the pulse of the truth that its would-be murderers rewarded him with a bullet through the leg. Owen learned one answer bullets couldn't stop—"Unions are made by men and women. Unions *are* men and women."

That's why the story of the Sharecroppers Union in Alabama which cost the life of Ralph Gray made the kind of lasting impression that it did on Owen. An impression which ten years later, from a hospital bed, gave him the vitality to write in the June 24, 1941, issue of New Masses, one of his best pieces—a memorial to the heroic leader whose name lives forever in the hearts of his people. Owen didn't dwell on the ghastly story of Gray's murder by the vigilantes. He told rather, the story of meetings held much later in sharecroppers' huts close to the scene of the crime.

"I have sat on an old box, drawn up to a bare board table, while a cropper thanked his God for enabling him to fight for corn bread, for back meat, and the gravy we were to eat. 'Bless Ralph Gray in Heaven, dear God,' he prayed, 'and help us have his strength and bless the union, Amen.' "

Obviously Owen's travels took him through Scottsboro, the textile baronies of the South and the docks of New Orleans when the National Maritime Union was being organized—a road that led inevitably to Spain in 1937, where he saw the people beat with their bare clenched fists against the panzer divisions that were beginning their death march across all Europe. Owen got sick in Spain, but did not stop to take it seriously. There was too much to do and to see and to write about.

He had plenty of time to write after he got back. Too much time. He was able to go on writing because he went right on living with a deep-going concern for the victory of all the things he believed in over all the things he hated.

Blaine Owen wasn't a great writer. Whether or not he wanted to be doesn't really matter. Because during the most productive period of his life he learned to be much more concerned with the urgent necessity for telling people what was happening and why it was happening and how necessary it was for them to do something about it.

He learned this down in the Scottsboro country when a group of Negro workers welcomed him with the words: "He's coming from the ILD," to which all present answered, "Amen, brother." He learned that "It was the eyes, the faces, the stillness of every big-knuckled hand that said more things to me than I could find words for."

Blaine Owen found words. He found the courage to go and look for them. It makes his untimely death all the more harsh—for the best stories of all are yet to come.

Sasha Small.

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NM SPOTLIGHT

Because of the printer's holiday on Washington's birthday, NEW MASSES *was obliged to go to press earlier than usual.—The Editors.*

Wallace's Role

THIS country is fortunate in having as its Vice President the most vital and constructive personality that has held this office since the days of Theodore Roosevelt. And in genuine progressivism Henry Wallace stands head and shoulders above the first Roosevelt. Since his election Mr. Wallace has broken with tradition and converted a post which had become the vermiform appendix of our governmental system into a useful organ of the body politic. It is in keeping with this conception of his public duty that the Vice President has in recent months been making a series of speeches in various parts of the country discussing the issues of the war and of the postwar period.

Naturally these activities are not designed to win friends for Mr. Wallace among those who do not share his faith in the common man or his vision of a postwar world built in intimate collaboration with our principal allies—built in the image of Teheran. It is no secret that the open season is on as far as Henry Wallace is concerned, and under prodding from inspired quarters some newspapermen have even tried to provoke President Roosevelt into lending some comfort to the Wallace-baiters. All this transcends the question of the Vice President, for at bottom what is involved is the struggle of the anti-Teheran forces against the President and his whole program.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Wallace himself does not always make the best contribution to this struggle. His recent speech at Seattle, for example, with its blanket denunciations of Wall Street and its posing of national interest as against Wall Street interest, reflected the influence of certain of his advisers who have failed to keep pace with the times and still think in terms that were valid before the war but are obsolete today. The Vice President was absolutely right in warning against the efforts of fascists to control or influence both major parties. There is no doubt that these fascists are being organized and financed by a section of big business, that "rightist" reaction against which a big business representative himself, C. E. Wilson of the War Production Board, and President Roosevelt have warned. But there are also big business groups—the most important in Wall Street—that are or can become supporters of the Teheran perspective because it is in their interest as well as the country's. In a speech before the CIO political action committee on January 15 Mr. Wallace distinguished clearly between these two sections of big business. He would strengthen the fight for Teheran and his own position if he would continue to make that distinction as a fundamental part of his thinking.

Big Bill Echoes NAM

VERY few eyebrows were raised when William Hutcheson, president of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters, bumbled his piece last week against the Administration in a political pronunciamento concerning '44. Through the years, as labor chairman of the GOP national committee, his stellar office-boy work has endeared him to that great friend of the workingman who lives in Palo Alto.

The New York *Herald Tribune,* which tumbled over its own win-the-war policies in greeting Hutcheson's statement, wrote truer than it knew when it said he "may not speak for the bulk of organized labor in this country." He doesn't even speak for the bulk of organized carpenters in his own union. Anybody conversant with labor affairs knows that the czar of the carpenters holds office because his rank-and-file have no redress by referendum. Eight years elapsed before he permitted the last convention of his union. And he is still dodging a court test of the last referendum, which handed him a thorough trouncing.

Hutcheson's formula for '44 follows that of the National Association of Manufacturers so closely it isn't even funny. The first of his six points rigged up the banner of "free enterprise," as though that were even a debatable issue. Assailing the administration's labor record, he deludes himself into the fond fancy that his own carpenters will forget the Hooverville days when the union almost disappeared because Hutcheson was so busily dropping them from the membership rolls for non-payment of dues. It was saved because Hoover's domestic policies were replaced by Roosevelt's in the years since 1932. As to foreign policy: the carpenters are plain, patriotic Americans; they want to kill fascism and win the peace along Teheran lines. But they know that their union boss, erstwhile leading spirit of America First, hates our Allies more than he hates Hitler. He stands on common ground with Matthew Woll, fellow defeatist in the AFL; and with John L. Lewis, whose hired hand K. C. Adams generously offered the mine workers to the GOP in his article in *Pic* last week.

Yet the best laid plans of mice and Hutchesons gang oft agley; the setback he suffered at Miami when he tried to jam his friend John L. Lewis into the AFL is an indication. For, necessarily, the AFL rank and file are doing plenty of thinking of their own. You can see evidences of that throughout the grass roots of the country where increasing numbers of Federation members are buckling to the job, in league with men of the CIO and all pro-Teheran line-ups, to reaffirm the President's policies.

For these reasons one cannot isolate Hutcheson from the strategy of Congressman Martin Dies, who is about to do a little smearing of the CIO Political Action Committee. Nor can one separate Hutcheson—the traditional GOP stooge within labor—from the Dubinsky Social-Democrats whose anti-unity policies in New York are driving them into the eager arms of Tom Dewey. The anti-Teheran line—from Hutcheson to Lewis to Woll to Dubinsky—within labor's ranks, is pretty obvious. It behooves all organized workingmen to close ranks behind Sidney Hillman's committee and crusade for united political action.

Subsidizing Lyons?

PUBLIC opinion is beginning to catch up with the *Reader's Digest.* There was a time when NEW MASSES and the *Daily Worker* were lone voices calling attention to the mischief-making propensities of this pocket-size colossus among American magazines. But the *Digest's* meddling in affairs of state a couple of months ago when it used a Republican tory, Senator Butler of Nebraska, to launch an assault on the good neighbor policy in Latin America, jolted millions of Americans into a realization that this is something more than a fabulously successful magazine.

Now comes America's leading humor magazine, the *New Yorker,* with an announcement which is certainly serious, that it is ending the agreement by which it permitted the *Reader's Digest* to reprint its material. The reason given is that the *Digest* is not what its name implies; many of the so-called reprints actually originate in the *Digest* office and are farmed out to

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other magazines. "This gives us the creeps," says the *New Yorker* announcement, "as does any centralization of genius. The fact seems to be that some publications are already as good as subsidized by the *Digest*." The *New Yorker* here reveals one of those open trade secrets. The same point was made a year ago by Sender Garlin in his pamphlet, *The Truth About Reader's Digest*.

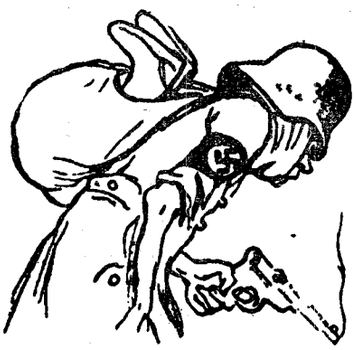
It is, however, not bigness or centralization per se that is the evil, but what lies behind it. The TVA is a sizable organization, but it is far more democratic than many private corporations one-tenth its size. What makes the *Reader's Digest* a menace is the character of much of its material. Its attack on the good neighbor policy is of a piece with its vendetta against the Roosevelt administration and against our Soviet ally. Among its editors is such a notorious Soviet-baiter as Max Eastman and such a professional Roosevelt-hater as Stanley High. Another editor is Paul Palmer, who while editor of the *American Mercury* frequently published the "intellectual fascist," Lawrence Dennis, now under federal indictment for sedition. The relations between the *Digest* and the *Mercury*, now edited by the anti-Sovieteer, Eugene Lyons, seem in fact something more than platonic. Perhaps these relations explain why the *Mercury*, which has a very limited circulation, can afford repeated huge newspaper ads.

It is disturbing to think that among the 7,000,000 readers of *Reader's Digest* are thousands of members of the armed forces. A dose of this publication is hardly likely to equip GI Joe mentally and morally for the fiery test of the western invasion of Europe. The *New Yorker* has severed relations with *Reader's Digest;* shouldn't our Army and Navy do likewise?

Honor Roll

THE individuals and institutions which have been announced as the 1943 winners of the nation-wide poll conducted by the Schomberg Collection of Negro Literature of the New York Public Library to determine the Honor Roll of Race Relations are to be congratulated. And so are the sponsors and judges for the admirable choices made.

The newspaper *PM* and the Cooper Union Forum and the US Army 99th Pursuit Squadron are the institutions selected for the Honor Roll. Among those chosen because of their contribution to the breakdown of racial discrimination and segregation are Malcolm Ross, chairman of the FEPC, and Virginius Dabney of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. We are happy too to see the name of Benjamin J. Davis, Jr., well-known to readers of these pages. He was chosen "for his election to the New York City Council—the first Negro Communist to be elected to high public office in the United States."



Kukriniksi

Among the individuals honored were two persons associated with the War Department's film *The Negro Soldier*, soon to be released: Carlton Moss, who wrote the script, and Capt. Stuart Heisler, who directed the picture. Those who have seen the previews are agreed that the film is a great stride forward in presenting the war contribution of our Negro troops. At those previews the announcement was made that similar films were forthcoming. All to the good. We hope they will present a perspective, which *The Negro Soldier* lacked, for the rapid elimination of Jim Crow in the Army. This shortcoming, however, is not the fault of those who made the film; responsibility must be placed upon those who stand for the policy of segregation. The film doubtless will be seen by millions and will contribute to a real understanding of our Negro brothers, adding strength to those who seek to eliminate Jim Crow from our national life.

Ivory Tower Topples

DR. GEORGE N. SHUSTER, president of Hunter college in New York, has taken an unprecedented step in a letter to the five hundred teachers of the college announcing that they are henceforth forbidden to assert in the classroom that "this war has been 'wished on' the American people and ought not to be supported"; to declare that "the Papacy and all Catholics are at heart advocates of Nazism and fascism, and therefore anti-American"; to attack Jews and Negroes as inferior; to assert that "the Russian system of government and the Russian ideology are superior to our own."

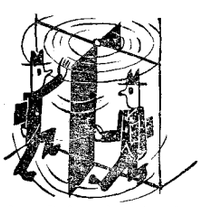
Dr. Shuster's action has become the subject of controversy in liberal circles and among educators. Some have spoken up against it as an attempt to curb freedom of expression. Let us first try to get at the principle involved. Is the head of a school, particularly a city-owned institution like Hunter, justified in taking steps to prevent teachers from utilizing the classroom to weaken the war effort and spread the ideology of fascism? It seems to us that if we mean business in this war against fascism, the answer must be unequivocally yes. Democracy does not weaken itself by denying the right to its enemies—whether Charles E. Coughlin or Professor X—to corrupt the young. And progressives cannot logically insist that Congress ban racial incitement from the mails, as is proposed in the Lynch bill, and at the same time object to a similar ban in the classroom.

Concerning the specific prohibitions in Dr. Shuster's letter, however, there is room for argument. Certainly attacks on the war, or on Negroes, Jews, and Catholics have no place in the classroom. But should teachers be forbidden to criticize the temporal, as distinguished from the spiritual, activities of an individual, the Pope? No such ban applies to the Archbishop of Canterbury or any other religious leader. It seems to us that there is a world of difference between condemning the Vatican's support of Franco and saying that all Catholics are fascists.

And what about the injunction against expressing the opinion that the governmental system of our ally, Russia, is superior to our own? The issue is not which system is superior and we don't think as a practical matter this is ever the way it presents itself in the classroom. The experience of the last few years has shown that not friendship for the Soviet Union, but hostility toward it, has been a menace to our own institutions. Dr. Shuster's ban, which singles out one among our allies, could easily lead to choking off information concerning the USSR, to suppressing knowledge of its peoples and its life which is essential for that close collaboration in war and in peace that is our national policy. There is, moreover, a curious omission in his letter: *no teacher is forbidden to say that the Nazi or Japanese governmental system or ideology is superior to our own.*

We suggest to Dr. Shuster that he rescue a sound principle from the confused and harmful way in which he has applied it by eliminating the proscription against the truth about Russia or about the political side of the Pope.

Tilting at Windmills



FOR a long time we had been under the impression that the toughest problem facing the world was how to beat the Axis quickly and move ahead in the business of building a stable world. But somehow we are wrong—at least our embattled liberals tell us we are. According to them the toughest global problem is the international monopoly. The Kilgore committee report on cartels has set their hair bristling and they are eager to enter the trust-busting arena much as

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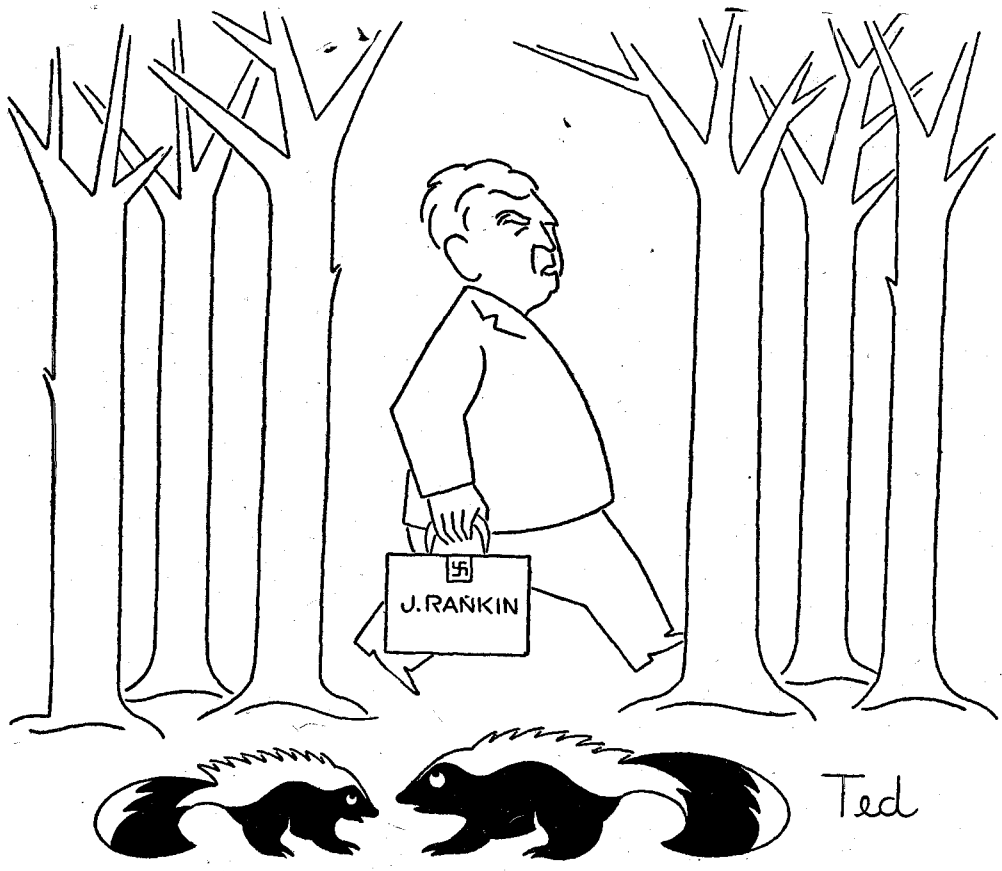
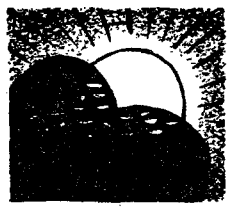


"Mamma, do you smell something bad?"

did William Jennings Bryan when he held forth against gold and Ida Tarbell against Standard Oil. We have seen abstracts of the Kilgore report and nothing in them surprises us. Cartel abuses go back to the turn of the century and it was Lenin who in his scintillant work, *Imperialism*, exposed the international octopi as a cause of world conflict. But cartel-busting in this era of capitalism is as futile as shouting at the sun to set. Nothing but a deep-going social alteration, for which this country and others are not ready, can abolish the cartel.

For those eager to keep their feet on the ground instead of floating in an atmosphere of fantasy, the single problem in connection with cartels at present is how to curb their worst features, particularly as they weaken the war effort and collide with the fulfillment of the Teheran decisions. There are cartel operators who are notorious appeasers of the Nazis and who collaborated with German industrialists in depriving the United States of essential patents. One need only remember the role the du Ponts have played in domestic politics to see why they worked with Germany's I. G. Farben or Britain's Imperial Chemical Industries to subvert efforts at progress in international relations. World economic agreements if made compatible with the Teheran program for postwar reconstruction should go a long way in assuring the majority of industrialists that they have nothing to fear from swimming with the tide of events. But to undertake a blind purge of cartels is to release a storm which may even drench those pure-minded liberals in shining armor and wreck everything which has been achieved at the price of so much blood and tears.

Jittery Junta



As we go to press the fascist regime in Argentina, the junta under President Ramirez, has emerged from another palace revolt bruised and shaken but still holding Hitler's tattered banner aloft. It faces its own people and the outside world with diminished prestige. The recent turmoils within the cabinet make it plain that the junta is split by deep internal conflicts. The progress of the war against the Axis, the stiffening policy of the United States and other hemisphere democracies against Latin American fascism, and the constant pressure exerted by the democratic Argentine people are rapidly limelighting the inevitable contradictions among the reactionaries and native Nazis.

When the Ramirez government ceded to international and internal pressure and broke diplomatic relations with the Axis last month, very few were fooled into believing that the move signified a change of heart. Even the cautious language of diplomacy applied by Secretary of State Hull and Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden made it evident that much more was expected of the Argentine government before it would be welcomed into the family of democratic nations. How could it be otherwise when Ramirez' break with the Axis was so patently a tactical move intended to facilitate the perpetuation of an authoritarian regime at home and cover up the continuation of a fascist foreign policy?

Following the cabinet upset of the middle of last week there was a temporary lull. But it is a lull which may not outlast the appearance of this issue of New Masses. Neither the domestic nor the foreign scene is one which permits such a government to stand still; either it must give way to a more openly fascist group such as the GOU (Group of United Officers) under the leadership of Colonel Juan Peron, or it must collapse before the democratic upsurge of the Argentine people and their allies abroad. The position of President Ramirez himself is insecure; he is apparently being maintained in office largely in order to avoid giving an excuse for the United States and other countries to sever diplomatic relations.

Until a solution, crises will recur in the Ramirez junta. At some point it will be possible for all the hemisphere nations, which acted concertedly in the non-recognition of the Bolivian coup, to take sterner measures against the Buenos Aires gang. We are confident that the American people will support the State Department in any steps, including the breaking of relations, or, in the event that Ramirez is ousted, the non-recognition of a new fascist junta.

Italy Needs Them

Nobody will be surprised to learn that prominent Italian anti-fascist exiles here are eager to return to their homeland; they want to do whatever they can to defeat the enemy on their soil and to help in the reconstruction of their war-torn country. Many, however, will be shocked to learn that they haven't been permitted to do so. It will come as news to no few Americans that our State Department has refused visas to Italian exiles who have filed application to go home.

For certain as yet unexplained reasons permission has not been granted such stalwart anti-fascists as Randolfo Pacciardi, a former leader of the Republican Party in Italy and commander of the Garibaldi Brigade in Spain; Carlo a Prato, prominent Italian liberal and co-editor of the magazine *Il Mondo;* Ambrogio Donini and Giuseppe Berti, members of the staff of

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the progressive Italian weekly *L'Unita del Popolo*, and many others here, as well as in Canada and Mexico.

Can it be that some people in responsible posts of our State Department reject the Moscow agreements concerning Italy, i.e., the creation of a democratic government consisting of all parties and organizations who represented that nation's people at the historic Bari Congress?

For these reasons all anti-fascists will welcome the story in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* that Dorothy Thompson is organizing an "Anti-fascist Repatriation Committee" to convince the State Department that these Italian exiles have the right to return home. "They wish to return to the Italy liberated by our armies and there seems to be no valid reason why they should be held in the United States against their will." That sentiment is echoed by many thousands who know how valuable these exiles can be to their homeland and therefore to the United Nations as a whole.

The "Times" in a Frenzy

FOR several weeks now the New York *Times*, which circulates throughout the country and a good part of the English-speaking world, has fussed and fretted over what seems to that newspaper to be serious violations of the Moscow and Teheran agreements by the Soviet Union. Its criticism of Soviet policy consists of charges that the Kremlin has embarked on a course of unilateral action in the Polish dispute, the Baltic states—in fact all affairs pertaining to Eastern Europe including the Soviet-Czechoslovak treaty. And the *Times*' frenzy has even mounted to the point where it accuses the Soviet government of carving out "spheres of influence" and thereby promoting a "Red imperialism" harmful to a cooperative effort in solving Allied problems.

In an excellent editorial last week, the *New Republic* makes hash of most of these arguments. But there is more to be said beyond the strong and perceptive comment of our contemporary. Any scrutiny of the record exposes the *Times*' obsession that the USSR is not living up to its obligations. And the *Times*' handling of the Soviet-Czechoslovak treaty is a case in point. That treaty was subtly denounced in a *Times* editorial as well as by its columnist, Anne O'Hare McCormick. She, for example, inferred that the treaty was signed in Moscow without the prior knowledge of Washington and London, and that this for her was another episode in Soviet power politics. Yet Anthony Eden, the British foreign secretary who was present at both the Moscow and Teheran conferences, told the House of Commons last December that he had discussed the Soviet-Czechoslovak treaty with Molotov and Hull at their Moscow meeting and that the British government welcomed this agreement between two of its allies. Eden went on to declare that it was his government's hope that the treaty might become an important instrument in giving effect to the principles of the Moscow declaration on general security. And when asked by a heckler from the benches whether he thought "isolated agreements" were not dangerous, Eden replied that there might be such a danger but that it certainly did not apply to this treaty.

THIS is but one example of how the *Times* will conveniently forget a key fact when it does not bolster its contention. In its pious opinions on the Polish dispute, the *Times* also talks through a dunce cap. If anything the Soviet government is living up to the Moscow agreement both in letter and in spirit. The agreement calls for "collaboration and cooperation in the conduct of the war into the period following the end of hostilities"; it compels none of the signers to maintain relations with a government hostile to any of the signers; it does not compel the USSR to deal with the malicious Polish emigres in London any more than it compels Washington to treat with the pro-fascist junta in Bolivia. In essence, the Moscow and Teheran agreements' emphasis is on collaboration for the destruction of Hitler, restoration of the independence of occupied countries, and cooperation after the war in securing peace and the general welfare. It is in this spirit that the USSR declared for a strong and independent Poland, with the Polish people retaining the inviolable right of choosing their own government just as the Yugoslav people have already done and as the Italian people have the right to do according to the declaration on Italy. And as for the Baltic states, they could never have been an issue at Moscow and Teheran, for these states are autonomous republics and by their own choice, part of the federated republics of the Soviet Union.

It is no surprise, of course, that the *Times*' fantastic interpretation of both tripartite agreements would extend itself to Finland. In the opinion of the old and doddering lady of Times Square, Finland is not subject to the Moscow declaration's demand of unconditional surrender because "she did not join the Axis alliance." Here again is a characteristic *Times* violation of an obvious truth and all the facts which comprise it. Finland is a signatory of the anti-Comintern pact which forms in part the ideological superstructure of the Axis alliance; she is at war with Great Britain and the Soviet Union; she has willingly provided bases for Germany and cooperated with her in attacks on Allied shipping; she has a war agreement with Berlin to share in the supposed spoils which would have accrued from an Axis victory. Nevertheless, says the *Times*, Finland is entitled to "the full protection of all United Nations declarations," and any minute now the *Times* will propose that Mannerheim, or his puppet, Ryti, be asked to add his signature to the declaration of Teheran.

THIS is the buffoonery and monstrous thinking in which the *Times* engages under a cloak of objectivity. It attributes to others among our own leading allies, especially the Soviet Union, its own shady motives. It is so terrified by the fact that our own government and Great Britain have accepted the USSR as an equal ally equally responsible for the fate of the world, that it will violate the tenets of responsible journalism in pressing its bias. For all its piety, it is high time to note that the New York *Times* so far as its position on the USSR is concerned is hardly different from Colonel McCormick's or Hearst's rabid ranting.

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WATCH ON THE POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

GOP IN SEARCH OF A MAN

Washington.

GOVERNOR JOHN BRICKER's Lincoln Day visitation to Washington tempted all Democrats to work their fingers to the bone to wangle the Republican nomination for Honest John. His speeches were past belief: they seem concocted from selections out of an anthology of political orations delivered by an endless line of ward heelers stretching back to Mark Hanna's days: the end-product rigidly excluded any semblance of an idea in favor of the corniest bromides. Ohio's latest gift to the Republican Party turned out to be another Harding without the former President's brash good-fellowship. Honest John is ill at ease in the role of hearty back-slapper—he has the affability of a well-bred mortician.

Still, he did come out four-square for "freedom and liberty," insisting that "no one must dictate to us." He unflinchingly opposed "dictatorship" and bravely advocated "the democratic system" with "freedom of the individual in his field." He yielded to no man in his insistence on the "absolute maintenance of the courts of this country." Apropos of nothing, he asked reporters at the Press Club to "lift up their hearts to God in worship." He praised the armed forces as the "strong right arm of America." He warned that "we ought to think of fundamental things." And he was absolutely opposed to the reelection of President Roosevelt, who is a bureaucrat, an autocrat, a liberal-crat—and a Democrat.

The Governor's analysis of the war was pithy: "We have fought two wars in the interest of international . . . [long and thoughtful hesitation] . . . in the interest of international contacts. We must have some international trade." He airily dismissed isolationism as an issue; he had "spoken to too many mothers not to know the importance of this war"; and he again denounced the reelection of President Roosevelt, whom he hates, hates, hates—Bricker's main ideological contribution to American political thinking.

The Republicans are so cocky these days that the "realists" among them kid themselves that they can even win with Bricker. Not that they have any intention of so tempting fate. Everyone knows that the stuffed shirt from Columbus is a stooge. As I learned a year ago in Ohio, the bull-necked Governer fronts for Sen. Robert Taft. The wily Bob prays for a deadlocked Republican convention, perhaps with Dewey and Willkie stalemated for the nomination. There Taft will be sitting in the Chicago convention hall with a sizable bloc of votes pledged to Bricker and at his—Taft's, not Bricker's—disposal. The possibilities are dazzling. Taft quite literally quivers these days in anticipation—he sees himself, as clear as anything, taking up quarters in the White House, President Taft II, posing for the cameras in an Indian headdress (like Coolidge), or launching a ship with a bottle of Vichy water, or addressing Congress with cautious legalisms, while the sprightly Mrs. Taft rushes over to attend a Peace Now meeting. This beguiling vision has Taft in palpitations—if you can imagine such a cold fish wrought up over anything.

Bricker is Taft's wampum and firewater, all ready to trade in for political real estate. With a goodly number of delegates pledged to Ohio's "favorite son"—who stirs the imagination of the Ohio populace about as much as Hoover enthuses the good people of Palo Alto—three possibilities present themselves. Either Taft can engineer a "bolt" to Taft at the convention—a happy thought to be savored with all the enthusiasm his small soul is capable of; or he can nominate "his man" Bricker; or he can make a deal to throw his support to some other candidate, by which stratagem Taft becomes a President maker.

So Bricker made his debut in Washington. Senator Vandenberg ungenerously remarked that he saw no reason to switch his support from General MacArthur. Bricker edified Republican big-wigs and bored them to death; they now nod sagely and call Bricker a solid citizen and Mrs. Bricker "charming." John O'Donnell, columnist of the New York *Daily News* and the Washington *Times-Herald*, who badly wanted to fall in love with this self-acclaimed man of the people, ruefully acknowledged Bricker's "solid political virtues as he ponderously stalks the GOP presidential nomination," but concluded, "Frankly, much as you like Bricker personally, it's hard to see him as the glamor boy who can lick Roosevelt." Forlornly, O'Donnell clings to the hope that "perhaps the nation doesn't want glamor boys and families in the White House for a while." Mark Sullivan, who has rarely been right on any political prognostication, found Bricker just to his taste. All in all, however, the Republicans would rather forget the incident. Except Taft—how he would like to climb from Bricker's back to a residence on Pennsylvania Avenue!

The Republicans—or more exactly, the pontifical czars of the party—are counting a lot of chickens these days. Now and then, a big shot remembers the campaign handbook and mouths a complimentary remark about the party's rank and file, but most of the talk is concerned with slick maneuvers. The election is in the Republican bag, they say—and they believe their own propaganda. No doubt they enjoy the best prospect since 1932, and it would be a disastrous mistake to dismiss their bragging as so much hot air. They have confidence, arrogance, a lust for power, and they will put up a formidable fight. They hate Willkie second only to Roosevelt, because he makes things hard for the "regulars." But as some of them admit, if worst comes to worst, by Gad sir, they'll win with Willkie. After all, Wendell is a Republican, and if he is the only chance the party has, why, his election will also assure the election of a Republican Congress and the ascendancy of the party machine. The old-timers are sure they will be able to take care of Willkie's verbal radicalism. Yet they naturally prefer to shoulder Willkie aside for a good steady man like Dewey.

BEHIND the most likely candidate, Tom Dewey, stands the big eastern money—some Rockefeller support, a good hunk of Pew cash from Pennsylvania, and all the noise Frank Gannett can whoop up. Through the Pew and Gannett farm papers, Dewey has suddenly emerged as an embattled farmer crusading for the dirt farmer against the city slickers—with Gannett in the charming pose of innocent rustic. On the other hand, the America First crowd, centered mostly in Chicago, has been exploring the availability of General MacArthur. It is no accident that Phil LaFollette, after promoting a native fascist organization modelled after Hitler's storm-troop gangsters, is now in the South Pacific sounding out MacArthur and writing back reports to the boys at home, particularly to Vandenberg, McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*, and Henry Ford.

While the Dewey backers prefer their gang-buster hero because they know him and his qualifications (and besides, they distrust a surprise package in the guise of a military man), another America First group also favors sticking to a local boy. The Timken ball-bearing family, and the Fleischmann yeast family (both partial to America First) have always backed Bob Taft, and now they are inclined to think he might make the grade. Taft has become a sort of liaison man between the more rabid America First crowd in the Middle West and the eastern Dewey clique. He is obviously the logical "compromise"—and

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in the Senate he has been trying to pose as a modern Henry Clay. Revolving around these shifting Republican blocs are many other elements still on the lookout for the winner—the Gerald L. K. Smith and General Wood pro-fascists and anti-Semites, the KKK racists, the die-hard members of the AFL executive council like Hutcheson and Woll, the John L. Lewis bruisers, the du Pont interests with a finger in every pot, always eager to back anyone with the soul of a Liberty Leaguer. The coalition of the right is in the process of formation; as yet it is amorphous. But all these forces devoutly believe that if they play their cards cagily they will be blessed with the desired reactionary who can boast a good Red-baiting record, hearty opposition to Roosevelt, basic hostility to the Moscow and Teheran agreements, and with a background of forthright slander against Great Britain and the Soviet Union—all in all, a man of political substance.

It is noteworthy, too, that the du Ponts and the Pews in particular concentrate their energies not exclusively on the presidential race but also on capturing the Republican machine locally and nationally. The now well-known example of du Pont money coming into the agricultural state of South Dakota to elect Senator Bushfield is only an intimation of the pattern. The ultra-right of the Republican Party, which finances the NAM, is busily buying into state machines; it eyes the smaller states eagerly, where opposition is less formidable and the price is cheap. It visualizes a Congress composed of its men; it visualizes a Republican Party which can be manipulated as the majority owner manipulates a holding company—behind the scenes, without undue publicity, efficient and untrammelled. The rightists pour money into local primaries—and they are pretty fussy on whom they bestow their bounty. In fact, they have decided to oppose such a reliable party man as Sen. Chan Gurney of South Dakota because he dared remember the farm vote back home and supported appropriations for the Farm Security Administration, opposed farm labor draft deferment, favored crop insurance, and—horrors—approved the extension of reciprocal trade agreements. The du Pont gang brooks no such independence; support goes now to Gurney's primary opponent.

The Republicans have managed to attract most of the worst reactionaries into their party, great hunks of the America Firsters, Bundists, the so-called (miscalled) lunatic fringers, along with a large slice of the Red-baiters, labor-baiters, racists, and misleaders of workers and farmers. In its top reaches, the party shelters the advocates of negotiated peace, the bitterest enemies of Teheran. Perhaps Willkie will upset the apple-cart. To get votes, of course, the Republicans will attempt to cover up. But fine words in an election campaign don't prove changed convictions, and the bosses quite openly state that they can handle even Willkie, should they be forced to use him as Republican front man once again. They see election victory ahead; they are lean and hungry for patronage, the party generals are panting over the prospect of scuttling every gain made by the common people. They smell "*normalcy*"—a postwar world which shall be a replica of the paradise ruled over by that triumvirate of Republican great—Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover.

The fact is, the Republicans see a chance of playing on every discontent, every maladjustment, every administration shortcoming, every group dislocation. They will blame Roosevelt for all unhappiness, including bad weather conditions. They have organization and they have the will to win. It would be a gross and calamitous mistake to underestimate their chances. They cannot be beaten at the polls unless they are taken seriously. Roosevelt is undoubtedly the champ, as one Republican committeeman reluctantly admitted; but he added, brightening up, that even the champ can be beaten some day. Republicans are awfully sure that some day will come in November, 1944.

Certainly, this is no time for quibbling, as the liberals are inclined to do. President Roosevelt's reelection is endangered by those who irresponsibly take his victory for granted. He needs and must receive the fullest support from labor, from the communities, from every democratic group in the nation. There is great danger in gambling with the fate of the nation by laughing at Republican battle plans and failing to exert every ounce of strength to assure Roosevelt's renomination, his reelection, and the election of a Congress that will cooperate with his progressive leadership.

FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

THE RED ARMY CELEBRATES

Twenty-six years ago this week the Red Army was born out of the ashes of the Russian Army of the first World War. Its official birthday, February 23, is not the day when the decree ordering its formation was signed, but the day when it met for the first time—and defeated—German occupation troops precisely where it is battling today—near Narva and Pskov. A great cycle is closing. Through trials and errors, through battles and peacetime labors, the Red Army has risen to a might which permits it to defeat the Germans on the hallowed ground bordered by the "four waters" of the Gulf of Finland and Lakes Ladoga, Ilmen, and Peipus—ground that saw the first struggles of the Russian infant state in the thirteenth century, when in the short space of five years (1240-45) Grand Duke Alexander Nevsky of Novgorod defeated the Swedes, the German Knights and the Lithuanians within the limits of those "four waters." The seven-hundred-year cycle is nearing its close.

The Red Army, wearing again the traditional and restored uniform of its predecessor, has proved itself to be not only the heir of a glorious military tradition, but a force surpassing many times in heroism, ability, staunchness and self-sacrifice, the Russian Army in which these qualities were developed to no mean degree. For the first time the armed forces of what was Russia have really become a people's army which can rely on the people to endow it with the best arms and supplies, as well as with the indomitable spirit of a people fighting for a just cause, and fighting to the hilt. These two factors—the tradition of the past and the spirit of the people permeating the Army, composed entirely of "owner-operators" of the country—is responsible for the ever-growing number and scope of the Red Army's exploits.

The sum total of military achievements of the Red Army in the past year, is without the shadow of a doubt the highest ever achieved by any armed force in a comparable period of time. The year was ushered in with the victory salutes of Stalingrad. With this stupendous achievement as a prologue to its twenty-sixth year, the Red Army had to do a lot to make it the most successful year of all, not only of the last twenty-six years, but of all the seven hundred and two years since the Battle of the Ice on Lake Peipus.

And the Red Army did a lot during this year. It liberated almost one-half of the territory occupied by the invader. The liberated territory included the best and most fertile lands of the Ukraine, the rich indus-

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"Nazi cruelty in the occupied territories of the USSR knows no limits." From the Mexican magazine "Futuro."

trial area of the Donbas, the manganese mines of Nikopol, the Kharkov and Orel industrial areas, all the ports of the Sea of Azov and the great Black Sea port of Novorossisk. Leningrad, whose blockade had been eased in January, 1943, was completely liberated a year later and has now resumed its important place in the production scheme of the Soviet Union.

ONE of the most characteristic features of the past fighting year has been the cracking and capture of the greatest German defense positions and so-called hedgehogs, such as the Leningrad "counter-fortress" built around the fortress of Leningrad and reputed to have been one of the most powerful engineering works in military history, the fortified area around Orel, the fortified area of the Donbas, the powerful fortresses of Novgorod, Demyansk, Rzhev, Gzhatsk, Vyazma, Nevel, Smolensk, Roslavl, Gomel, Bryansk, Orel, Novgorod-Seversk, Belgorod, Kharkov, Kiev, Zhitomir, Sarny, Rovno, Poltava, Kremenchug, Cherkassy, Dniepropetrovsk, Zaporozhie, Kirovograd, Stalino, Taganrog, Mariupol, Berdyansk, Melitopol, Novorossisk, and others.

Thus, the "blitz" having been killed during the year which culminated with the Moscow victory, the German strongpoint and hedgehog strategy has been put on the skids during the year which followed Stalingrad. The Germans are now reported reverting to the "continuous front" method, but this does not seem to be doing them much good, either.

During the past year the Red Army advanced about one hundred miles on the Leningrad front and five hundred miles on the Ukraine front. In the process it ripped thousands of miles of German-held railroads—restoring them in record time—bridges and installations. The Red Army forced its way under extremely difficult conditions across such important river-barriers as the northern Donetz, the Desna, the Sozh, the Berezina, the Pripyat, the Volkhov and, finally, across the greatest of them all—the Dnieper, once more proving that Napoleon was right when he said that "rivers are first-class obstacles only for third-class armies."

The Red Army has almost completed the liberation of the Russian Soviet Socialist Republic of which only some 13,000 square miles remain under German occupation (precisely the area which is taking the shape of what may be later called the "Dno trap," or the space between Pskov, Staraya Russa, Kholm, and Idritza). It has liberated about two-thirds of the Ukraine and a good slice of Byelorussia. It has set foot on the soil of the Estonian Soviet Socialist Republic. It is less than forty miles from the border of Poland (at Lutsk) and a little over one hundred miles from Rumania. Finland is under severe aerial attack by the Soviet Air Force, and there are reasons to feel sure that this aerial attack will be followed by energetic land action because the Soviet High Command does not believe in bombing for years on end without a blow being struck to follow up the bombing. To them air bombardment is a preparation which has to be followed by real action. (By the way, Admiral Nimitz of our own Navy seems to be of the same school of thought.)

The past year has been crowned by the brilliant encirclement and annihilation of three-score thousand Germans—the remnants of ten divisions and one brigade—in the so-called "Korsun pocket" west of Cherkassy. Above all these tremendous achievements looms the greatest of all, from a purely military point of view, and that is the ability of the Red Army to wage a rolling offensive on a thousand mile front almost without interruption for fifteen months, without ever relinquishing the overall strategic initiative for one day. The German counterblows on the Donetz a year ago, and at Zhitomir this winter, were local operations which did not return the initiative to the Germans, while the abortive summer offensive at Kursk last July was a clear failure to seize the initiative on a vast scale.

The result of all these operations, among other things, is that the Germans who, according to such military "experts" as Hanson W. Baldwin of the New York *Times*, were "shortening their front according to plan," are now forced to hold a front which is longer than it ever was during the entire war, except for the period of time when the Germans were standing before Grozny and Stalingrad. At that time the front, southward of Leningrad, was roughly 2,000 miles long; a year ago it was 1,200 miles long; today it is 1,900 miles long. Some shortening, we would say!

And over and above all these purely strategic, operational and tactical factors and developments, we see the amazing picture of an army and a country growing stronger with every exertion they make. Truly an inspiring sight.

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GUEST EDITORIAL by Bohuslav Etcher

WHAT OF THE WAR CRIMINALS?

Dr. Etcher is the Czechoslovak member of the United Nations Commission for Investigation of War Crimes.—The Editors.

London (by mail).

IT IS a curious thing: People are talking and newspapers are writing on war crimes. Governments and statesmen are issuing declarations on the punishment of war criminals. But lawyers, experts both in international and criminal law, are discussing in official and unofficial bodies the question—a very fundamental question—what really is a war crime?

It appears to be a theoretical question without practical importance. In actual fact, however, it is a question of cardinal importance for the success or failure of this whole issue.

Let me illustrate this with an example: the governments of the United Nations declared, in a common statement of Dec. 17, 1942, that the crime of exterminating the Jews will be punished.

The judicial position of the problem is clear and simple as far as those Jews are concerned who were nationals of one of the United Nations, or those who have been murdered on the territory of one of the United Nations. Crimes of that kind are crimes according to the criminal laws of the respective Allied countries.

But what about the murder of German Jews committed in Germany? Are these war crimes? Experts in international law, who consider war crimes to be only violations of the so-called "laws and customs of war" as embodied mainly in the Fourth Hague Convention of 1907, or in the Geneva Conventions of 1929, will certainly answer: "No, the extermination of German Jews in Germany is not a war crime. It is an internal affair of a sovereign state."

They disregard one important fact: That we are facing the gangster states of the Axis. Their methods of international and national policy are criminal in nature. Apart from Jews, there were thousands of Socialists and Communists exterminated in Germany long before, as well as in the course of this war. According to international law, these crimes are not war crimes at all.

You see a gap in international law. It is not the only gap and the only deficiency in international law. This form of law made but little progress subsequent to 1907, as far as the protection of civilians is concerned.

International law is far apart from the new criminological reality resulting from total war and the Nazi fascist gangsterism, which has been raised to the official policy of a state. Even the few weak protective provisions of international law have been mercilessly destroyed and devastated by Nazism, with the help of the highly-developed technique of total war.

Lawyers must realize that this time they are facing another kind of war crime. This time there are not only violations of "laws and customs of war," which appear and disappear with war, but crimes committed long before the war started, and which will continue after the war, in the form of Nazi fascist banditry and terrorism.

This time war crimes are not the isolated actions of individual men, mentally or morally unbalanced by the war. This time the crimes have been, are, and will be the actions of people who are in the grip of a criminal epidemic called Nazism or fascism.

The origins of this epidemic are historically deeper and older than the actual war.

Some progressive lawyers recognize this new situation, which was stressed by the public prosecutor and the court at the Kharkov trial. I am glad to say that one body of Allied lawyers, including British members, the First Commission of the London International Assembly, made an important step forward in order to bring law into line with life.

The commission voted, on Dec. 6, 1943, for a resolution denouncing as war crimes all crimes connected with the preparation, the waging and the prosecution of the war, or perpetrated with a view to preventing the restoration of peace. This definition

covers not only violations of the laws and customs of war, but all Nazi and fascist crimes, both pre-war and postwar, and the launching of the second world war.

This attitude is in accordance with the legal conscience of the masses of peoples in the occupied countries and in the free world, and with declarations of the political leaders of the United Nations.

Mr. Churchill has spoken once on Nazi crimes, Mr. Roosevelt on crimes against humanity, Mr. Eden on fascist crimes. Marshal Stalin said, on Nov. 6, 1943, that the men who plunged the world into the war must be punished. The Kharkov trial has proved that this attitude is right. The facts admitted by the accused, and proved by the witnesses, together with other notorious facts, show that we are facing a real criminal epidemic.

The struggle against this epidemic is not exclusively a task for lawyers, of course, but lawyers have to join the fighting masses of the peoples in this struggle. They should establish rules and create legal machinery, not only to exact retribution upon the criminals, but also to protect society against Nazi and fascist criminality.

Justice must act. After the first world war justice broke down. At Kharkov justice was again put into effect. The criminals must be and will be punished, to prevent a third world war and new and more revolting crimes.

HOW should justice operate? On what legal basis? What should be the instrument of justice? I have tried to answer some of these questions in the light of the Kharkov trial in a pamphlet, *The Lessons of the Kharkov Trial*, which will shortly be issued by the Russia Today Society.

As a conclusion, let me quote the final phrases of the pamphlet: "We talk constantly of reconstruction. We can reconstruct devastated factories. We can build up bombed houses. We can produce thousands of aircraft for postwar civil aviation. We can produce machines, power stations, railways.

"But in our task of reconstruction we must give some sort of priority to the reconstruction—on new foundations—of the law which has been devastated or destroyed. Otherwise our material construction will have been done in vain. Once again all the technical equipment of the twentieth century would be put—as it has been put during the past four or five years—at the service of evil, destruction and death."

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READERS' FORUM

On the Home Front

TO NEW MASSES: It's late Saturday afternoon. Most everybody has left the office. My desk is a foot high with stuff I've got to plow through. But a little story a friend told me at dinner a few nights ago just pushes itself forward in my consciousness until I give up and type it out. I don't know whether the story does to you what it did to me when I heard it, and to the rest of us around the table. The fellow who told it—a big, genial sort of a guy, crazy about kids, a source of pennies and nickels for half the kids on his route—may have given it sharper point than I have been able to do in writing. Anyway, it broke our hearts that a seven-year-old kid should live in a world where he could have a wish like that. Print it if you get a reaction like ours. Maybe it will touch some other hearts and help abolish the discrimination which will otherwise hound this kid to his dying day.

EDWIN J. SCHONFELD.

★

"I'LL tell you a little story," my friend said, "about something that happened on my route."

Dinner was finished and we had settled back for talk. The conversation had turned to the question of discrimination against Negroes. My friend's wife, the mother of a small baby and hence quite conscious of childhood problems, had remarked that a Negro child must have a difficult time adjusting himself to a white-dominated world. One of the party had disagreed and questioned whether the disadvantage of being black in a white world was felt at so early an age. It was at that point that my friend told his little story.

AS YOU KNOW—he began—I drive a laundry truck. My route is in a Negro neighborhood, a poor neighborhood and crowded with kids. You know how kids are when a truck pulls in the block. I have to shoo them off so they won't get hurt.

One day, I shooed off a little Negro kid, about seven years old. I started up the truck and drove up the block. When I got out of the truck, the kid was right there on the sidewalk. He had beaten the truck up the block. I drove off again, and the kid trailed me. He was so persistent I let him ride with me. Well, we got to be pretty good friends, and he used to wait for me on the you," I said. "You almost fell out."

One day, as we went around a corner, the door on the kid's side opened. I grabbed him so he wouldn't fall out. "It's a good thing I grabbed you," I said. "You almost fell out."

"Yes sir!" the kid agreed. "If I fell out, I woulda cracked my head."

"Sure," I replied, kidding him. "Then I'd have to take you to the hospital and get you a new head."

He looked at me in wonder. "If you break your head, kin you git a new one at the hospital?"

I kept a straight face. "Absolutely."

The kid said nothing for a few seconds. Then, looking straight ahead, he asked, "Kin I git any kinda head I want?" I was weaving in and out of traffic, and I guess I was too busy to see what he was getting at. Anyway, I kept up the game, and said, "Why sure." He turned his glance from the road. The kid looked up at me—I can still see how he looked—and he asked me, "Kin I git a *white* head?"

Letter From Italy

TO NEW MASSES: You may be interested in the enclosed excerpt of a letter I received from a friend of mine, a sergeant, in Italy. You will note that he mentions NM.

M. M.

DEAR ——. This is an Italian typewriter, so excuse a few typographical errors. To those who don't understand the future, Italy must be a bleak, dreary country—as it is today, in fact. Twenty-two years of dictatorship and eight years of wars of varying magnitudes have destroyed most of its culture and left a great deal of its national economy in ruins. I have talked with the people, toured their bookstores, observed everything that I have had the opportunity of investigating.

The people in the great majority understand fascism, who it benefited, who it suppressed; but not so many understand its historical position: so they knuckled under. One can see this in the large mass of semi-lumpen people without any trace of dignity about them who still try to curry favor with what they consider the new powers-that-be; even saluting us soldiers, obsequiously scurrying to do us favors that any self-respecting, intelligent person would only want to do for himself. However, even these people will respond to historically correct leadership, of which there is a great deal in Italy today. . . .

Then, there is the community of people with more solid ties of work, family, etc., who have not degraded themselves and even when adopting superficial attitudes, only adopted them in order to get along.

Amongst these groups the program has taken the form of tradition mainly, as evidenced by the almost unanimous acquaintance with the old song "Bandiera Rossa" (Red Banner) and a romantic, unorganized hatred of fascism. All of this was embodied in a scientific, dynamic, organized program of the underground which had a hell of a lot more to do with Italian fascism's collapse than you probably realize. My advice to you in getting a correct picture is to take NEW MASSES quite literally when describing the feelings of the Italian people.

I have met some of the people that I had only read of in such books as *The Seventh Cross*, *Fatherland*, etc. These people are very confident of the forces in Italy, especially in the North—of which they say, "*Nous avons assez des forces dans l'Italie du nord, assez.*" (We've got plenty of forces in northern Italy—plenty.)

H. A.

The Navy Advances

TO NEW MASSES: An interesting corollary to the subject of attitudes on the war is the Navy's traditional "aristocratic" outlook. We are told very bluntly from the start that there is no such thing as democracy within the military organization. This has always been truer of the Navy than the Army. And it is especially apparent in the relegating of menial jobs to Negro enlisted men, which continues with little change despite frequent attempts to give the Negro equal opportunity with his white shipmate. However, there is a bright side to this aristocratic business. Strangely enough, it effectively silences any opposition to the President and his policies. There are plenty of anti-Roosevelt men here but they are made to keep their mouths shut. The President is the Commander-in-Chief and the Navy is very conscientious about its superior officer.

On the other hand, and this also is on the bright side, reports which come back to us from the fighting fronts indicate that in actual battle, the gold braid and the fine phrases are usually forgotten and the aristocratic tradition is tempered with judgment and common sense. All of which adds up, I suppose, to the fact that discipline and obedience can mean different things to different people and that only the war itself and an understanding of the issues involved in it will eventually determine the extent and use of this ancient system. No more could be asked of any military organization—or am I wrong? Anyway, I think the Navy, in spite of its shortcomings and its many brass hats (even at this late date), is a pretty fine organization because of the fellows in it. And, as one officer put it in a letter from the Solomons, read to us by our commanding officer, "The enlisted man is the real hero of this war."

My preliminary training here will be completed in another month. After that I may be sent anywhere on active duty. The work I am doing is tremendously exciting and interesting and, contrary to my expectations, as much fun as it is labor. However, I'm extremely lucky to be in a place like this and may not have such luck in future billets.

The spirit here is fine, at least among the majority of officers with whom I am associated. Besides the regular courses in technical subjects, history, and naval indoctrination, we have lectures on the war which, so far, have been astonishingly well presented and well thought out. Great emphasis is put on the fact that we Naval Reserve officers must not be concerned only with battles or military strategy but also with the political problems of the peace to come and our diplomatic relations with the other United Nations. A few sleep through the lectures, a few are annoyed, but the majority are vitally interested (and they are from all parts of the country and middle-class almost in entirety).

A. S.

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RECENT BOOKS

The Dean of Canterbury's "Secret of Soviet Strength.". . . "Russia is strong in the arts of war because she has been strong in the arts of peace.". . . Other current non-fiction.

THE SECRET OF SOVIET STRENGTH, *by the Very Reverend Dr. Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury. International Publishers. Cloth $1.50. Paper 35c.*

"THE SECRET OF SOVIET STRENGTH" is what is sometimes called a "must" book for every seeker of the truth about current world-problems and developments. Its publication is a great event, and the inquirer who craves invigorating contact with reality will find its reading a vivid experience. Adverse critics cannot dismiss the author as "merely a kindly but easily deceived clergyman, unacquainted with hard facts." On the contrary he is, by earlier training than that of the Christian ministry, an engineer, who in many visits to Soviet Russia has gone with entire freedom wherever he wished in that country and has brought expert inquiry to bear upon the details of which he writes with such authority.

Dean Johnson's special preface to the American edition challenges those who may still be dubious and hesitant about Russia's immeasurable service rendered to all humanity. It surveys the terrible months, now prolonged into years, since June 22, 1941, during which the war has applied the fiercest and most fiery test of history to the Soviet system. Through it all Russia has stood unconquerable! She has suffered "gigantic and terrible losses, but stands firm." Russia, Dean Johnson declares, "places all progressive humanity in her debt. If there were no socialism in the Soviet Union, there could be no safety in Great Britain. Indeed, Great Britain would already have ceased to exist as such." That is strong doctrine for the proud English to take from one of the leading prelates of their Established Church. But who in all England can disprove its truth?

Immediately thereupon the Dean makes the same drastic application to our own country: "And the outlook for the United States of America would now be as desperate as it was for us in 1940." Then, to sum up the whole tense reality of it: "There is no single person in England or America but should be filled with gratitude for Soviet heroism, and for the Soviet system and leadership." Describing how, at the dawn of that fearful June Sunday in 1941, Adolf Hitler, with his stupendous war machine, was appallingly near to conquering the world and enslaving it all under his boasted "New Order," the Dean asks how it was that the Soviet forces, fighting entirely alone, not only withstood the all-out Nazi attack but strongly struck back, and after incredible endurance have now turned the bloody tide toward certain victory. "Did ever conqueror see triumph so near to the taking as did the Nazi fuehrer and his hordes?" asks the Dean. "The blow was struck! But Russia did not fall. . . . Why did she stand? Whence comes her strength to strike back?"

"Russia," he answers, "is strong in the arts of war because she has been strong in the arts of peace. Strong in battle, because strong in industry, in agriculture, in schools and colleges, in science and hospitals. . . . Russia has introduced moral principle and scientific method into the heart of productive life. That is the prime cause of her matchless strength." The fundamental

"The building of the Dnieprostroy dam," by the famous Soviet engraver A. Kravchenko.

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question, "For what purpose should things be made?" has been answered correctly for an entire nation, by Russia *alone*.

Whereas in England, America, and all other countries outside of Russia, "things are made" first of all for the private profit of certain persons or groups, in Russia they are made solely for the use, comfort, welfare, and blessing of all the people. Russia regards production of goods for profit of the few, as *"profoundly immoral!"* Things must be made, first, last and all the time *in the interests of man*. Things, like the Sabbath, the Dean adds, must be made for man, and not man for the Sabbath—or for the enrichment of an exploiting minority. Such is the moral, scientific and wholly correct "source of Soviet strength." Industry, social economy, production in peace as well as in war, by all the people, for all the people, without any financial exceptions, favorites or fortune accumulators whatsoever.

For in Russia alone all the instruments of production are publicly owned, and are operated for public use and benefit. Needs and not greeds guide and motivate the whole national economy. As the Dean succinctly but eloquently comments: "Russia has done the moral thing, and it proves to be successful." Each of her citizens is a member, in full standing, of her whole great human family, and has inalienable rights in that family so far and so long as he or she fulfills duties to it. All are to work. All are assured of the fruits of their work. (Which latter, an American may add, does not just mean apples sold on street corners by unemployed ex-soldiers.)

The proofs of Russia's strength, in the marvelous unity of her many component Soviet Republics and their millions of so varied peoples, both in peace and war, have now been manifested before the entire world, for all but the willfully blind to see and acknowledge. Here then are the reasons for, and the source of, Soviet strength. Here, the explanation why the Soviet millions fight to the death to defend so precious an achievement, and to bequeath it, adorned with supreme sacrifice and glory, to the grateful future.

ELIOT WHITE.

"Why Women Cry"

WENCHES WITH WRENCHES, *by Elizabeth Hawes. Reynal & Hitchcock. $2.50.*

FOR a woman who less than five years ago, as she states, lived in and managed the Ivory Tower, a fashionable dress-making establishment, Elizabeth Hawes has come a long way. In *Wenches with Wrenches*, she tackles two main problems —the reorganization of the American home to free women for jobs in industry, and women's treatment in industry once they have landed.

Miss Hawes chooses to grind these worthy axes with a light touch, and the sparks fall fast and free. In the course of her brief 221 pages she discusses socialism, sex, suffrage, equal rights, unionism, industrial disease, Red-baiting, nursery schools, modern housing, the servant problem, the Negro problem, beauty, machinery, fashions, and Dr. Anthony, the radio sob-father. With debonair chattiness she describes the various types of women she has known, most of them in the upper income brackets, but a few "forgotten females," as she calls them, from the great mass of below $2,500-a-year families. Then with discursive charm, she tells her own experiences working for about a year at a Wright Aeronautical plant, and belonging to the UAW. She concludes with a vigorous section on the fight for child care legislation waged by the Committee for the Care of Young Children in Wartime, for which she was lobbyist, and she appeals strongly to men and women alike to work together toward solving these vital win-the-war problems.

Although there is mention of the trial-and-error lessons learned by English women in their fight for these same goals, the book could be considerably deepened by some discussion of the tremendous achievements of our Soviet ally on the woman question. Surely there is much to tell about and much to learn from the nation that has liberated its women—given them economic security, education, equal opportunities for work and professions, full participation in government, and at the same time all the special protective benefits which their special needs demand. The results of this liberation, evidenced in the great work of Soviet women in this bitter, heroic war to the death against fascism—these are something to set before all Americans, from the "forgotten females" to the government officials!

There is more to be said about these problems and much more to be done. Miss Hawes has made a gallant start, both in saying and in doing. May the others who follow deepen as well as multiply her efforts to usher in (as Hawes paraphrases Wallace) the Century of the Common Woman.

ALICE EVANS.

Scientific Integration

A TREASURY OF SCIENCE, *edited by Harlow Shapley, Samuel Rapport, and Helen Wright. Harper. $3.95.*

THIS book digs deeply into the record and comes up with a superb over-all picture of modern science. It is not an ordinary collection of articles by famous men —or a pot-boiler based on sensationalism in science. It is a serious and successful study of how to produce an excellent anthology on the nature of the world and man. The editors—Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard Observatory and president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Samuel Rapport of Harper's, and Helen Wright, formerly a member of the Vassar astronomy department—have chosen carefully and well.

This *Treasury* (and it is all of that), is so organized that it presents and develops quite fully each of its four sections: "Science and the Scientists," "The Physical World," "The World of Life," and "The World of Man." The articles are all based on scientific fact and experiment, yet not one selection in these 716 pages is difficult to understand. The editors have combined original papers by Galileo, Copernicus, Darwin, and Jenner with popular expositions by DeKruif, Haldane, and George W. Gray. The reader is carried past that "cold, scientific detachment" and is imbued with all the interest and excitement caused by new truths about to be announced to a skeptical world. He becomes Galileo Galilei watching the moons of Jupiter and announcing "The earth does move." He joins the scholarly Professor Shapley on the shoulders of Copernicus—and watches the latter scribbling his archaic geometry and calculating the motion of the planets. He stows away on Darwin's ship, the *Beagle*, on the epoch-making voyage to the Galapagos. DeKruif has him polishing microscope lenses with Leewenhoek for a first peep at those "cavorting beasties," the bacteria. And he learns the lessons of cooperative living from Stefansson, as an Eskimo in the Stone Age.

The editors have not attempted to develop a chronological sequence of events. But the organization of the various sections gives the reader a sense of scientific historical and developmental achievements. This anthology is as old as history and as modern as radar. It was not intended as an encyclopedia. This its authors leave for others. Their purpose was an integration of the sciences. There can be no complaint on this score. They have done a wonderful job.

JAMES KNIGHT.

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New Edition

PRISONERS ALL, *by Oskar Maria Graf. Published by the author, 34 Hillside Avenue, New York 34, N. Y.*

WHEN the Nazis came to power and burned the German writers' books, they meant to spare the works of the Bavarian peasant writer Oskar Maria Graf. Perhaps they hoped to bribe him in this way. But Graf published a bold, open letter—"Burn me too"—challenging Nazi barbarism in a way that made Goebbels and his henchmen howl with anger. Thirty of Graf's books were then put on the Hitler Reich's black list.

Since Graf came to this country, in 1938, he has written a great many new books, but most of them were not published. *Life of My Mother*, brought out two years ago, won high praise from the critics but only moderate recompense in the form of royalties. Now Graf has himself taken up publishing. He has just issued *Prisoners All*, one of his best books which was published a long time ago but did not meet with the success it really deserved. It is the splendidly written history of the author's adventures at the end of World War I and in the ill-fated German revolution of 1918. This book helps the reader to understand many of the causes for the collapse of the German revolution and the subsequent rise to power of the Nazi reaction.

The publication of the book was made possible through the help of some friends and the subscription of progressive German-American workers all through the country. It was a great venture for the author, and he should be encouraged and supported by a large number of readers. They certainly will not regret having made the acquaintance of a book which is forceful in its style, progressive and true in its character, and a real weapon in the war of ideas.

O. T. RING.

J. J. Lankes

Announcing . . .

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Paintings will be exhibited from Wednesday, March 1, through Saturday, March 4. Opening bids will be accepted at any time during the period prior to the auction.

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SIGHTS and SOUNDS

WILLIAM GROPPER

"His art springs from the same kind of urge that impelled Noah to build the ark and with a similar result. The ark was sturdy and was beautiful too. . . ." By Philip Evergood.

IN AMERICA we have our institutions. Some are durable, some are incurable and others are plum unendurable. A President, the flivver, Bethlehem Steel, the Senate, Hearst, and the oyster season. Take your pick, but as long as we have institutions William Gropper is here to stay.

His earliest schooling in life was in a great American institution—the sweatshop on New York's lower East Side, and there he became a part of the people for his life and ours.

There he learned the hard way about their sufferings and about their fight and became a battering ram in that fight. Some esthete one day asked Gropper why the color in his paintings of the East Side was so subdued—why he didn't splash and revel in the full orchestration of a luscious palette. Gropper replied that when he worked in the sweatshop the cloth seemed grey—the light was poor—his back was tired and there was an awful stink in the place. He could not paint these struggling people's lives in roseate hues. The little tailor, the pretzel vendor or the bloated human symbols of the vested interests which had trodden them under.

For twenty years Gropper has drawn cartoons. You know them as well as I. They must average over one a day because he draws for several publications as well as his daily newspaper work. They are great cartoons judged by the highest standards of the present and the past. His cartoons are art because he lives and burns in the fervor of a cause and because they are big in concept. He neither minces words nor minces lines. His calligraphy is bold, sensitive, and original. You get it straight from the shoulder and you get it good. Gropper has found time to write several books, illustrate several more, as well as raise a sturdy family. The man has energy. Ten years ago when he started to paint pictures, reaction tried to pigeonhole Gropper and pin him down. Reaction patronized him by acknowledging he could draw a good cartoon but suggested he stick to that form and not dabble in esthetics. Since that time he has painted the work of over ten one-man shows, has several public murals to his credit and is represented by paintings in many of our important museums.

Gropper's painting is not a lukewarm self-indulgent flowing out from the finger tips for its own sake. His canvases are not the receptacles for scientific research or the hypersensitive reactions to microvariations of the color spectrum like those of, say, Seurat, nor are his compositions linearly adjusted to a two-thousandth of an inch like those of Ingres or Modigliani. Gropper has come by his art through revolt against oppression and through an insatiable creative urge, artistic intuition and joy of life. He works fast. His work is not the reflection of a lonely self-effacing soul like Ryder's but contains something of the aggravated spontaneity of Van Gogh and something of the vigor of Hokusai. Gropper's art springs from the same kind of urge that impelled Noah to build the ark and with a similar result. The ark was sturdy and was beautiful too, to those who rode in it.

Once Gropper told me, "We painters for the people must not only tell them

"Red Cavalry," by William Gropper. Now on exhibition at the ACA Gallery.

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the truth in human justice and righteousness, but we must convince them. The awareness of this truth makes us more alive to the fact that we must say it better and with more conviction than anyone else in order to be accepted." On another occasion he remarked: "The reactionaries don't want to see us grow, they want to see us in the good old way. The artist has to grow all the time and grow with the people." And at another time, "The artist doesn't create life, he reflects life."

I HAVE known Bill for fifteen years and I have witnessed several of his personal victories. One of these was the occasion of a celebration for his twentieth year as a cartoonist. It was held at Mecca Temple and the stage was filled with a variety of celebrities ranging from Gypsy Rose Lee to Kuniyoshi. The victory for Bill was in the audience, for the place was jammed to the rafters by a milling, shouting mass of toilers—the friends whom he had won for himself as an artist and as a fighter.

I have only seen Bill once in adversity and even then he was not knocked off balance. I shared this unhappy experience with him and this fact alone may qualify me to know the real Gropper and to write about him. Last year Bill, Refregier, and I were asked by the War Department Art Committee if we would go along with our troops to North Africa to make a pictorial record of war. Here at last was the chance a people's painter had been waiting for. To record the heroic deeds of our men in the greatest fight against the evil forces of the world. We accepted the offer in good faith and within us we felt the honor and the challenge to give our utmost as artists.

After months of preparation and adjustment to thoughts of a completely new life which included the signing of a government contract and inoculation for about every disease under the sun, we each received a terse note signed by a lieutenant of engineers announcing that we were ineligible to accompany the armed forces of our country. On further inquiry from a higher source we got the hint that on the basis of our work we were fully acceptable but we were not wanted because we had been involved in the fight against fascism at too early a date. It hit us hard. Bill, who usually looks somewhat cherubic in countenance, appeared quite haggard. Ref and I must have looked about the same. Bill's three sentences pulled us together.

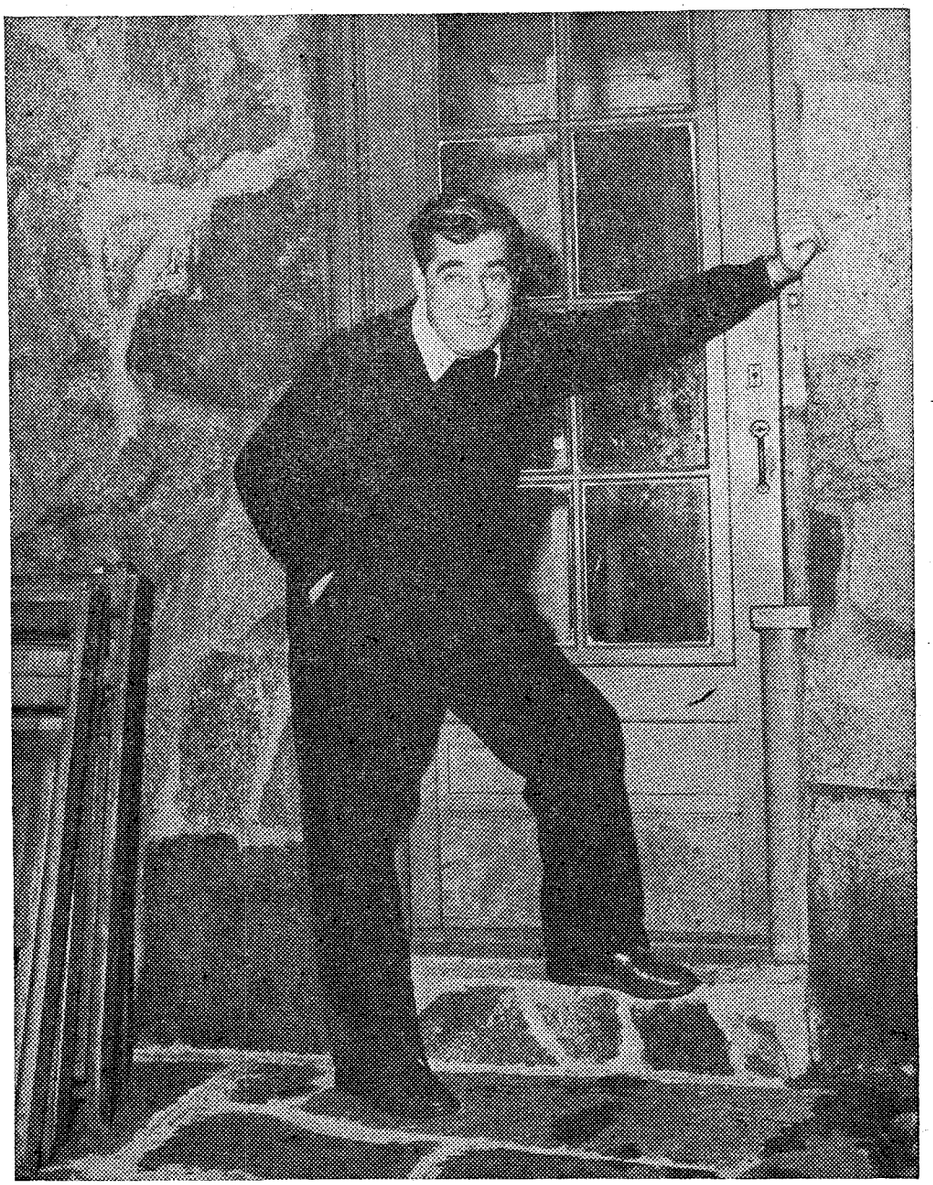
They made a big mistake.
Our country is the loser.
We must carry on.

We are now about to see Bill's work of carrying on.

I saw one new canvas of the rending of a world by high explosive. It was vivid and high in key and seemed to symbolize the purification by fire. Perhaps the change in Bill's palette indicates the coming of a better world to live and work in.

PHILIP EVERGOOD.

The above is the foreword written by Philip Evergood for the catalogue of Mr. Gropper's one-man exhibition, currently at the ACA Gallery, New York City.



William Gropper

Two Films About Russia

Artkino's "No Greater Love" . . . Robert Taylor in Sovietland.

AT COLLEGE I was taught that the "heroic concept" was based on the supra-human image constructed along the lines of the platonic universal, an ideal of behavior that humanity could always aspire to but never quite realize. I don't believe it any longer, and neither will you, once you have seen Vera Meretskaya as the guerrilla leader in *No Greater Love*. She is the flaming apostle of the human spirit, implacable in her hatred of the beast that despoils her home, conquering with her courage and her resources the mechanized might and the military genius of the Nazis.

Together with *Guerrilla Brigade* and *We Will Come Back* this film gives us a rounded picture of the people's war behind the lines, deepening our knowledge of the Soviet people and their sacrifices. The picture starts off in a happy vein. People laugh in the fullness of their lives and in the solid contentment of their work. But the laughter is replaced by the thunder of German cannon, contentment shattered by the sudden Nazi bomb. Pasha's husband is killed at the front, her child flung under a tank, she herself is passed from Nazi to Nazi. When she stumbles on the inhabitants of her village hidden in the woods, she discovers that her hair has

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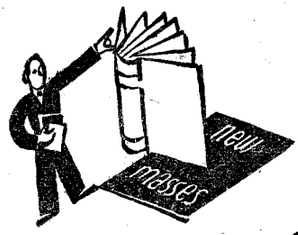

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turned grey, her face lined almost beyond recognition. Nevertheless, under her guidance, the villagers, disorganized and bewildered, soon become molded into a firm guerrilla band, taking their toll of the Nazis in acts made familiar to us by the daily communiques. The conclusion of the film presents one of the most moving of all scenes. With the recapture of the village, Pasha mounts the platform that was so nearly her scaffold. Eyes on the Soviet dead solemnly placed in rows in the village square, this mother and leader, remembering the savagery and bloodshed that has turned her life into a shambles, says that life is good, beautiful, and full of hope.

There are many cynics and skeptics in our country, who find excuses for either not reading or believing in the Soviet Constitution. There are others who are still cautious about accepting Soviet statements on international matters. To all those I doubly recommend *No Greater Love*. If they check their prejudices with their hats for just a moment, they will realize that people can hate and fight as the Soviets do only because they love life as they do. They will further realize that no people so full of hope and confidence in the future can mean anything but what they say about the world of tomorrow.

No Greater Love is distinguished from other Soviet films by a mechanical departure in its presentation. In place of the usual subtitles, it has an English soundtrack dub-in. I find that this innovation makes for vast improvement in the understanding of the action. There are a few mechanical faults, of course. The quality of the dubbed-in voice is not always consistent with the character who speaks the words, and on occasion the synchronization between lip movement and sound track is noticeably faulty, but these are minor flaws that can be easily overcome. For the life of me I cannot understand the critics who object to this technique on the grounds that it destroys the cultural unity of the film. This argument is so much rhetoric. Cultural unity is no entity in itself. It relates, it seems to me, to the degree of understanding that it elicits from an audience. The greater the appreciation of what goes on, the more successful the film—and what goes on in *No Greater Love* is worth an hour and a half of anybody's time.

★

SONG OF RUSSIA *(MGM). Produced by Joseph Pasternak, directed by Gregory Ratoff, screen play by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins, story by Leo Mitler, Victor Trivas, and Guy Endore. With Robert Taylor and Susan Peters.*

"SONG OF RUSSIA" hits upon the very happy idea of bringing the Soviet Union to America in terms of common understanding. As device, the writers use the traditional love story in all its glamorous trappings, and to make the technique effective, not peripheral players but the elect of MGM are given the lead roles. Robert Taylor comes to the Soviet Union as a famous American conductor bent upon discovering the land that produced Tschaikovsky. He meets Susan Peters, delegate from a small town named after the Russia composer, whose mission it is to get conductor to appear at her village. T fall in love. This is jake with all conce since by a sympathetic identification wi.. Taylor, who takes the Russian people to his bosom, the audience does likewise. As lovers will, they see Moscow together, and the benefits of Soviet life are introduced, not too obtrusively, but inescapably.

Taylor consents to conduct the village orchestra. The people of the village are thus brought under the camera's eye and presented with much warmth and sympathy. Many of the scenes that follow, however, are too discernibly theatrical and are based foursquare on dramatic cliches. Sometimes too, the Russian character is distorted for the sake of humor, but the central picture of Soviet life comes through intact and in palatable style. For instance, the father of the household interests the visiting celebrity in the quality of the grain grown by the village collective. During dinner he leads the hero to the storage bins and dwells with pride on the beauty of the grain.

Consequently, when the Nazis attack and it becomes necessary to burn the crop, there are audible groans throughout the house, lamenting the destruction of something grown dear and familiar. Again, when the Red Army is shown marching off to the front, the cheers are more vociferous and fervent than any I have heard since Troop A rescued the homesteader's daughter from the cattle rustlers.

The love story, in spite of its elaborate ramifications, never gets in the way of the main song. On the contrary, the background very often steals the picture. Comes a time when the girl finds it necessary for the two to separate, he to continue with his music tour, she to go back to her village. He fails to see it. Stalin's famous speech on the policy of the scorched earth, calling for the utilization of every pair of hands, here translated effectively, makes him realize that he is wrong. Thus even the boy-loses-girl department of the film is socially underscored.

And the film brings out pertinent facts about the Soviet Union: music is of prime importance for not only the professional musicians but for all the people; a great conductor can be a national hero; the children are the first regard of the country and are given unlimited opportunity to develop. The inclusion of such material is what makes *Song of Russia* a notable Hollywood product.

A magnificent Tchaikovsky score serves as a musical thread, abetted by the *Song of Russia*, an ingratiating Kern-Harburg number. The writers turn in a fine han-

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dling of the material, and although Robert Taylor will never make conductors anxious with jealousy, in the main he and Susan Peters, as well as the others in the cast, translate the story into a persuasive and moving whole. MGM has definitely shown the way with this one.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

American Music

Elie Siegmeister and the American Ballad Singers.

AN UNUSUAL and lively concert of people's music—a cross-section of the development of our folk music from American Revolutionary times to the present—was recently given by the American Ballad Singers under the direction of Elie Siegmeister, at City Center, New York's new civic theater.

Musically the performance was on a high level. The individual voices, each well-trained, were skilfully knit together by Mr. Siegmeister into an artistic unit possessing a large emotional and dynamic range. His polyphonic arrangements of the songs were done with much sensitivity and discrimination; in fact, so well, that often one did not realize the songs had been "arranged." Moreover, Mr. Siegmeister showed that he knows how to build up a musically well-balanced program—a thing rare among most performers. Introducing each group of songs with an informal and informative talk, he brought about an immediate and friendly contact between the audience and the performers—a contact cemented later in the evening as the audience joined with the performers in singing some of the choruses. The presentation's one marring note was the attempted dramatization of humorous songs by professional singers. This at times resulted in burlesquing and made one feel that the singers were laughing at, instead of with, the people whose music they were singing.

The songs were grouped under a number of headings: "Music of Early America," including the "Ode on Science," by Jezaniah Sumner (1754-1836), and "Song of the Sea," by William Billings (1746-1800), whose music we would like to hear more often; "Americans at Work," including "Shenandoah," "Cotton Picking Song," and an Irish railroad workers' song, "The Melting Pot"; "American Legends," consisting of three songs by Siegmeister, and finally a number of "Folk Songs of Today." The program thus revealed the multi-moods of folksongs from light-hearted tunes with humorous words, through work songs created to relieve the monotony of every day labor, to deeply serious songs of oppression and sorrow. The songs illustrated the music of the wide-spreads parts of our country and of our various national groups. Although obviously,

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the program could not give a complete cross-section of our musical folklore, one wonders why cowboy ballads as well as songs of the Indians were not included. War songs and ballads of the past were missing, though two encores and Siegmeister's own energetic "Ballad of Douglas MacArthur" represented the present. More significant was the absence of all songs pertaining to the life of industrial workers, their songs of struggle and their songs of relaxation, thus leaving out an integral part of our folk music. Since our nation is essentially *industrial* and will become increasingly so in the future, our music will be more extensively developed and carried on by people in the big industrial centers. Obviously this music has grown out of and will continue to grow out of the folk music which is associated mainly with the agricultural and pre-industrial life of the country in the past and present. But the fostering of music which springs exclusively from this background tends to develop a folkloristic cult which expresses a nostalgic escape into a romanticized past instead of becoming the basis for a modern people's music. The formal ending of the program with a lusty song like "Rye Whiskey" tended to leave one with such an impression. Mr Siegmeister undoubtedly felt this, for he gave encores which tended to break the mood. These shortcomings will undoubtedly be corrected in the future concerts of representative American folk music, for Mr. Siegmeister is one of the few musicians in this country who understands the social basis of our musical culture.

The main thing about this and other concerts which Mr. Siegmeister has given in the past before various types of organizations throughout the country is that he helps to keep alive us for the musical treasures of our people. Moreover, he presents them in such a way that everyone wants to join in the singing and is sorry when the concert is over.

While listening to the concert, one could not help but feel that from this and similar music will be distilled the great art music of American composers—not from the synthetic emotions which many modern composers who have isolated themselves from the people try to produce through intellectual self-analysis and technical virtuosity. It is not difficult to imagine a man of the emotional depth of a Beethoven finding in "Chilly Winds" the raw material for a symphonic adagio, or a composer of Tchaikovsky's caliber using the strident marching theme of "Joshua Goin' To Win the Battle of Jericho" as the basis for a symphonic finale. For the really great composers of the world have reflected, expressed and transformed, and crystallized on higher levels, the real emotions of real people.

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JULIUS GOLDSTEIN gave two concerts recently at the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall in New York in which he presented most of the preludes and fugues of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavichord*. While it was an unusual treat to hear this material presented almost completely, the performance was on the pedagogical side. Mr. Goldstein played either softly or with a certain inexpressive heaviness and sogginess. Though achieving certain poetic qualities in several of the preludes and fugues, he showed a lack of emotional range which is inherent in this music of Bach's and which should be brought out, if for no other reason than to avoid monotony in a two-hour program. He failed thus to express on the one hand the lightness, sprightliness, gaiety, and worldliness, and on the other hand the virility, power, sweep, and grandeur which are essential parts of the complex and involved baroque art of the early eighteenth century, epitomized in Bach's music.

PAUL ROSAS.

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27—Greenwich Village Committee American-Soviet Friendship. Salute to Red Army. Alexander Kipnes, Captain Kournakoff. Grace Church Choir, etc. Grace Church, 10th St. and Broadway, New York. 8:15 p.m.

27—City Center Forum. India. Dr. Komar Goshal. Chairman, Dr. Charles Hendley. City Center, 130 W. 56th St., New York. 8:00 p.m.

28—Associated American Artists. Nicolai Cikovsky. One-man show. Until March 18. 711 5th Ave., New York.

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5—**New Masses.** Fifth annual art auction. Leading American painters. ACA Gallery, 63 E. 57th St., New York. From 2:00 p.m.

6—Committee of Women. American-Soviet Friendship. Women for Victory. Dramatic and Musical program. Carnegie Hall, New York. 8:30 p.m.

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